THE

MONTHLY EPITOME

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

XC. MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE, WRITINGS, *and* CORRESPONDENCE, *of* SIR WILLIAM JONES. *By* LORD TEIGNMOUTH. *Hatchard. Quarto. With a Portrait. 531 pages.*

IT is well known that Sir William Jones was born in London 1746, called to the bar in 1774, made judge in India 1783, and died at Calcutta, 1794, in the 47th year of his age. Being a truly pious, benevolent, and moſt learned man, his death was an irreparable loſs to the world.

Sir William Jones was *Tutor* to Lord Spencer, during which period he wrote the following Letter, with which the admirers of Milton will be pleaſed.

"Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow, in the autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himſelf of this opportunity to viſit his friends at Oxford. During his reſidence there, he made an excurſion to Foreſt Hill, the occaſional habitation of Milton, for whoſe genius and learning, he early and ever entertained the higheſt veneration. The public will read with pleaſure his own relation of what he ſaw and felt on this occaſion, in an animated letter which he wrote to Lady Spencer.

"To Lady SPENCER.

"7th of Sept. 1769.

"The neceſſary trouble of correcting the firſt printed ſheets of my hiſtory, prevented me to-day from paying a proper reſpect to the memory of Shakeſpeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was reſolved to do all the honour in my power to ſo great a poet, and ſet out in the morning to viſit a place, where Milton ſpent ſome part of his life, and where, in all probability, he compoſed ſeveral of his earlieſt productions. It is a ſmall village ſituated on a pleaſant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Foreſt Hill, becauſe it formerly lay contiguous to a foreſt, which has ſince been cut down. The poet choſe this place of retirement after his firſt marriage, and he deſcribes the beauties of his retreat in that fine paſſage of his L'Allegro:

" Sometime walking, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.

* * * * * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe;
And the mower whets his ſcythe;
And ev'ry ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures:
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt,
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim, with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * * * * *

Hard by a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks. &c.

"It was neither the proper ſeaſon of the year, nor time of the day to

hear all the rural ſounds, and ſee all the objects mentioned in this deſcription; but, by a pleaſing concurrence of circumſtances, we were ſaluted upon our approach to the village with the muſic of the mower and his ſcythe; we ſaw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

"As we aſcended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable ſtillneſs and natural ſimplicity of the whole ſcene, gave us the higheſt pleaſure. We at length reached the ſpot, whence Milton undoubtedly took moſt of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a moſt extenſive proſpect on all ſides: the diſtant mountains that ſeemed to ſupport the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly ſhaded with trees of the fineſt verdure, and partly raiſed above the groves that ſurrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyiſh colour, where the ſheep were feeding at large, in ſhort, the view of the ſtreams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a ſingle uſeleſs or idle word in the above-mentioned deſcription, but that it was a moſt exact and lively repreſentation of nature. Thus will this fine paſſage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactneſs. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthuſiaſm over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's houſe was cloſe to the church, the greateſt part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that ſeveral papers in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was laſt in poſſeſſion of the eſtate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villages: one of them ſhewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleaſed with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

"It muſt not be omitted that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are ſo elegantly deſcribed in the Penſieroſo. Moſt of the cottage windows are overgrown with ſweet-briars, vines, and honey-ſuckles, and that Milton's habitation had the ſame ruſtic ornament, we may conclude from his deſcription of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Thro' the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a ſort of honey-ſuckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly uſed for the ſweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the ſame couplet.

If I ever paſs a month or ſix weeks at Oxford in the ſummer, I ſhall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable manſion, and to make a feſtival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the moſt perfect ſcholar, as well as the ſublimeſt poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be leſs ſplendid, but more ſincere and reſpectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon. I have the honour, &c."

We could have indulged ourſelves by giving various extracts from this truly valuable piece of biography, by Lord Teignmouth, (formerly Sir J. Shore) but we muſt confine ourſelves to two.

The *Andrometer* is truly curious.

"The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a ſtriking ſpecimen of the extent of his views, in the acquiſition of intellectual excellence, it may be defined, *a ſcale of human attainments and enjoyment*; he aſſumes ſeventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment, and with a view to progreſſive improvement, each year is appropriated to a particular ſtudy or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned, or practiſed, during this period, admits of a four-fold diviſion.

"The firſt, compriſing thirty years, is aſſigned to the acquiſition of knowledge as preparatory to active occupation.

"The ſecond, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and profeſſional employment.

"Of the third, which contains ten years, the firſt five are allotted to literary and ſcientific compoſition, and the remainder to the continuation of former purſuits.

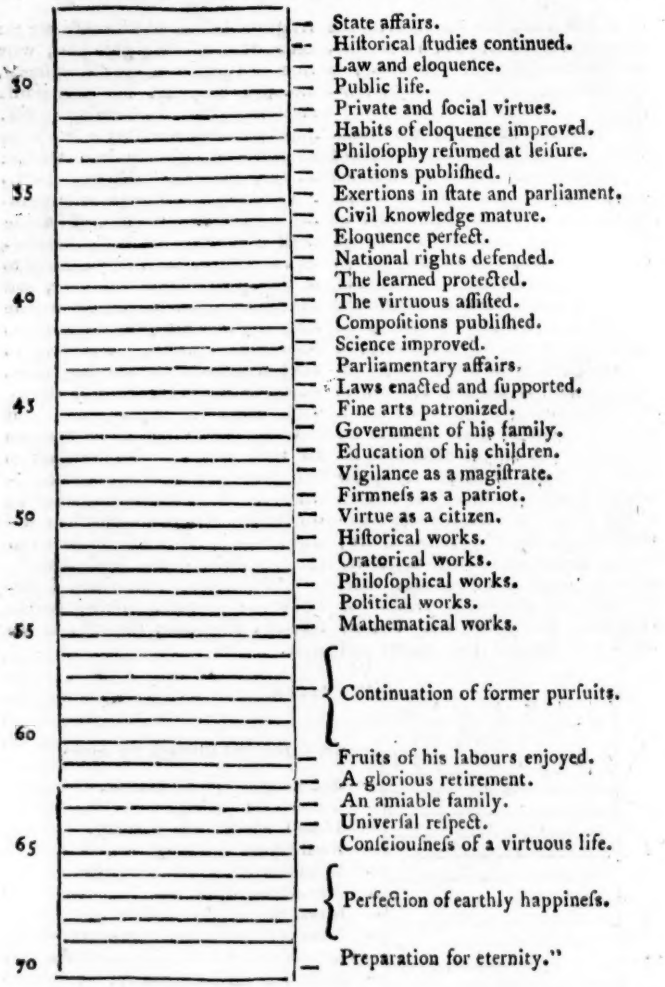
"The laſt ten, conſtituting the fourth diviſion which begins with the

ſixty-firſt year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours, and the concluſion of the whole, is ſpecified to be a *preparation for eternity*.

"The Andrometer, is to be conſidered as a mere ſketch, never intended for publication. In the conſtruction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to thoſe objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity which ſtands at the top of the ſcale, was to be deferred until the ſeventieth year; it is rather to be conſidered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole courſe of his life, and which was *excluſively* to engroſs the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human exiſtence, to allow himſelf to reſt the momentous concern of his eternal welfare, on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew moreover too well the power of habit, to admit a ſuppoſition, that it could be effectually reſiſted or changed at the cloſe of life. Neither are we to ſuppoſe that moral and religious leſſons which conſtitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be diſcontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that it ſhould be ſeriouſly and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual faculties had acquired ſtrength and expanſion by preceding exerciſes. That the order of arrangement in the andrometer, could never be ſtrictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents (if it were intended) is evident, but to thoſe who from their ſituation are enabled to avail themſelves of the ſuggeſtions which it furniſhes, it will ſupply uſeful hints for improvement, and ſerve as a ſtandard of compariſon for their progreſs. With reſpect to Mr. Jones himſelf, if his own acquiſitions in his thirtieth year, when he conſtructed the andrometer be compared with it, they will be found to riſe to a higher degree in the ſcale.

"With theſe explanations, I preſent it to the reader, reverſing for the ſake of convenience, the order of the ſcale.

ANDROMETER.



His *Character* ſhall be given entire, with part of the *Poſtſcript*.

" I now turn to the laſt ſcene of the life of Sir William Jones. The few months allotted to his exiſtence after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his uſual occupations, and more particularly to the diſcharge of that duty which alone detained him in India, the completion of the digeſt of Hindu and Mahommedan law. But neither the conſciouſneſs of acquitting himſelf of an obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his inceſſant aſſiduity, could fill the vacuity occaſioned by the abſence of her, whoſe ſociety had ſweetened the toil of application and cheered the hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their purſuits in ſome reſpects ſimilar: his botanical reſearches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally paſſed together, in the peruſal of the beſt modern authors in the different languages of Europe. After her departure he mixed

more in promiſcuous ſociety; but his affections were tranſported with her to his native country.

"On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in converſation, in an unwholeſome ſituation, he called upon the writer of theſe ſheets, and complained of aguiſh ſymptoms, mentioning his intention to take ſome medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that 'an ague in the ſpring is medicine for a king.' He had no ſuſpicion at the time, of the real nature of his indiſpoſition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The diſorder was, however, ſoon diſcovered by the penetration of the phyſician, who after two or three days was called in to his aſſiſtance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines uſually preſcribed, and they were adminiſtered in vain. The progreſs of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April 1794. On the morning of that day his attendants, alarmed at the evident ſymptoms of approaching diſſolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy taſk of recording the mournful event: not a moment wat loſt in repairing to his houſe. He was lying on his bed in a poſture of meditation, and the only ſymptom of remaining life was a ſmall degree of motion in the heart, which after a few ſeconds ceaſed, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily ſuffering, from the complacency of his features, and the eaſe of his attitude, could not have been ſevere; and his mind muſt have derived conſolation from thoſe ſources where he had been in the habit of ſeeking it, and where alone in our laſt moments, it can ever be found.

"The deep regret which I felt at the time, that the apprehenſions of the attendants of Sir William Jones had not induced them to give me earlier notice of the extremity of his ſituation, is not yet obliterated. It would have afforded me an opportunity of performing the pleaſing but painful office, of ſoothing his laſt moments, and I ſhould have felt the ſincereſt gratification in receiving his lateſt commands; nor would it have been leſs ſatisfactory to the public, to have known the dying ſentiments and behaviour of a man, who had ſo long and deſervedly enjoyed ſo large portion of their eſteem and admiration.

"An anecdote of Sir William Jones, upon what authority I know not, has been recorded, that immediately before his diſſolution, he retired to his cloſet, and expired in the act of adoration to his Creator. Such a circumſtance would have been conformable to his prevailing habits of thinking and reflection, but it is not founded in fact: he died upon his bed, and in the ſame room in which he had remained from the commencement of his indiſpoſition.

"The funeral ceremony was performed on the following day with the honours due to his public ſtation: and the numerous attendance of the moſt reſpectable Britiſh inhabitants of Calcutta evinced their ſorrow for his loſs, and their reſpect for his memory.

"If my ſucceſs in deſcribing the life of Sir William Jones has been proportionate to my wiſhes, and to my admiration of his character, my attempt to delineate it muſt now be ſuperfluous. I cannot, however, reſiſt the impulſe of recapitulating in ſubſtance what has been particularly detailed in the courſe of this work.

"In the ſhort ſpace of forty-ſeven years by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, he acquired a knowledge of arts, ſciences, and languages, which has ſeldom been equalled, and perhaps never ſurpaſſed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porſon or Parr in Grecian literature, yet his knowledge of it was moſt extenſive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the firſt claſs of ſcholars, while as a philologiſt he could boaſt an univerſality in which he had no rival. His ſkill in the idioms of India, Perſia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compoſitions on Oriental ſubjects diſplay a taſte which we ſeldom find in the writings of thoſe who had preceded him in theſe tracts of literature. The language of Conſtantinople was alſo familiar to him, and of the Chineſe characters and tongue, he had learned enough to enable him to tranſlate an

ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and German, he was thoroughly converſant, and had peruſed the moſt admired writers in thoſe languages. I might extend the liſt by ſpecifying other dialects which he underſtood, but which he had leſs perfectly ſtudied.

"But mere philology was never conſidered by Sir William Jones as the end of his ſtudies, nor as any thing more than the medium through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew that 'words were the daughters of earth, and things the ſons of heaven,' and would have diſdained the character of a mere linguiſt. In the little ſketch of a treatiſe on education, which has been inſerted in theſe Memoirs, he deſcribes the uſe of language, and the neceſſity of acquiring the languages of thoſe people who in any period of the world have been diſtinguiſhed by their ſuperior knowledge, in order to add to our own reſearches the accumulated wiſdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his poſſeſſion, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to diſplay the treaſures depoſited in them, for the uſe, entertainment, or inſtruction of mankind. In the courſe of his labours we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia, comparing the philoſophy of the Porch, the Lyceum, and the Academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins, and by a rare combination of taſte and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindus in ſtrains not unworthy the ſubliméſt Grecian bards. In the eleven diſcourſes which he addreſſed to the Aſiatic ſociety, on the hiſtory, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, ſciences, philoſophy, and literature of Aſia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has diſcuſſed the ſubjects which he profeſſed to explain, with a perſpicuity which delights and inſtructs, and in a ſtyle which never ceaſes to pleaſe, where his arguments may not always convince. In theſe diſquiſitions he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning in illuſtrating topics of great importance in the hiſtory of mankind, and it is much to be lamented that he did not live to reviſe and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undiſturbed leiſure.

"A mere catalogue of the writings of Sir Willim Jones would ſhew the extent and variety of his erudition; a peruſal of them will prove, that it was no leſs deep than miſcellaneous. Whatever topic he diſcuſſes, his ideas flow with eaſe and perſpicuity; his ſtyle is always clear and poliſhed; animated and forcible when his ſubject requires it. His philological, botanical, philoſophical, and chronological diſquiſitions, his hiſtorical reſearches, and even his Perſian grammar, whilſt they fix the curioſity and attention of the reader, by the novelty, depth, or importance of the knowledge diſplayed in them, always delight by elegance of diction. His compoſitions are never dry, tedious, nor diſguſting; and literature and ſcience come from his hands, adorned with all their grace and beauty.

"No writer perhaps ever diſplayed ſo much learning, with ſo little affectation of it. Inſtead of overwhelming his readers with perpetual quotations from ancient and modern authors, whoſe ideas or information he adopts, he tranſmutes their ſenſe into his own language, and whilſt his compoſitions on this account have a pleaſing uniformity, his leſs learned readers are enabled to reap the fruits of his laborious ſtudies.

"His legal publications have been noticed in theſe Memoirs: of their merit I am not qualified to ſpeak. I have been informed, that his Eſſay on the Law of Bailments was ſtamped with the approbation of Lord Mansfield, and that his writings ſhew, that he had thoroughly ſtudied the principles of law as a ſcience. Indeed it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that Sir William Jones applied his talents to any ſubject in vain.

"From the ſtudy of law, which he cultivated with enthuſiaſm, he was led to an admiration of the laws of his own country; in them he had explored the principles of the Britiſh conſtitution, which he conſidered as the nobleſt and moſt perfect that ever was formed; and in defence of it he would cheerfully have riſqued his property and life. In his tenth diſcourſe to the ſociety, in 1793, little more than a

year before his death, we trace the ſame ſentiments on this ſubject, which he adopted in youth.

"The practical uſe of hiſtory, in affording particular examples of civil and military wiſdom, has been greatly exaggerated; but principles of action may certainly be collected from it; and even the narrative of wars and revolutions may ſerve as a leſſon to nations, and an admonition to ſovereigns. A deſire, indeed, of knowing paſt events, while the future cannot be known, (and a view of the preſent, gives often more pain than delight,) ſeems natural to the human mind; and a happy propenſity would it be, if every reader of hiſtory would open his eyes to ſome very important corollaries, which flow from the whole extent of it. He could not but remark the conſtant effect of deſpotiſm in benumbing and debaſing all thoſe faculties which diſtinguiſh men from the herd that grazes; and to that cauſe he would impute the decided inferiority of moſt Aſiatic nations, ancient and modern, to thoſe in Europe, who are bleſt with happier governments: he would ſee the Arabs riſing to glory, while they adhered to the free maxims of their bold anceſtors, and ſinking to miſery from the moment when thoſe maxims were abandoned. On the other hand, he would obſerve with regret, that ſuch republican governments as tend to promote virtue and happineſs, cannot in their nature be permanent, but are generally ſucceeded by oligarchies, which no good man would wiſh to be durable. He would then, like the king of Lydia, remember Solon, the wiſeſt, braveſt, and moſt accompliſhed of men, who aſſerts in four nervous lines, that 'as hail and ſnow, which mar the labours of huſbandmen, proceed from elevated clouds, and, as the deſtructive thunderbolt follows the brilliant flaſh, thus is a free ſtate ruined by men exalted in power, and ſplendid in wealth, while the people from groſs ignorance, chuſe rather to become the ſlaves of one tyrant, that they may eſcape the domination of many, than to preſerve themſelves from tyranny of any kind by their union and their virtues.' Since, therefore, no unmixed form of government could both preſerve permanence and enjoy it; and ſince changes even from the worſt to the beſt, are always attended with much temporary miſchief, he would fix on our Britiſh conſtitution (I mean our public law, not the actual ſtate of things in any given period), as the beſt form ever eſtabliſhed, though we can only make diſtant approaches to its theoretical perfection. In theſe Indian territories, which Providence has thrown into the arms of Britain for their protection and welfare, the religion, manners, and laws of the natives preclude even the idea of political freedom; but their hiſtories may probably ſuggeſt hints for their proſperity, while our country derives eſſential benefit from the diligence of a placid and ſubmiſſive people, who multiply with ſuch increaſe, even after the ravages of famine, that, in one collectorſhip out of twenty-four, and that by no means the largeſt or beſt cultivated (I mean Criſhna-nagur), there have lately been found by an actual enumeration, a million and three hundred native inhabitants: whence it ſhould ſeem, that in all India, there cannot now be fewer than thirty millions of black Britiſh ſubjects.'

"This quotation will prove, that he was not tainted with the wild theories of licentiouſneſs, miſcalled liberty, which have been propagated with unuſual induſtry ſince the revolution in France; and that whilſt he was exerting himſelf to compile a code of laws, which ſhould ſecure the rights and property of the natives of India (a labour to which he in fact ſacrificed his life), he knew the abſurdity and impracticability of attempting to introduce amongſt them that political freedom, which is the birthright of Britons, but the growth of ages. Of the French revolution in its commencement he entertained a favourable opinion, and, in common with many wiſe and good men, who had not yet diſcovered the foul principle from which it ſprung, wiſhed ſucceſs to the ſtruggles of that nation for the eſtabliſhment of a free conſtitution; but he ſaw with unſpeakable diſguſt the enormities which ſprang out of the attempt, and betrayed the impurity of its origin. Things ill begun ſtrengthen themſelves with ill. We may eaſily conceive, and it is

unneceſſary to ſtate, what the ſentiments of Sir Wiliam Jones would have been, if he had lived to this time.

"If the political opinions of Sir William Jones, at any period, have been cenſured for extravagance, let it be remembered, that he adopted none, but ſuch as he firmly believed to ariſe out of the principles of the conſtitution of England; and as ſuch he was ever ready to avow and defend them. His attachment to liberty was certainly enthuſiaſtic, and he never ſpeaks of tyranny, or oppreſſion, but in the language of deteſtation: this ſentiment, the offspring of generous feelings, was invigorated by his early acquaintance with the republican writers of Greece and Rome, and with the works of the moſt celebrated political writers of his own country; but the whole tenor of his life, converſation, and writings, proves to my conviction, that he would have abandoned any opinion, which could be demonſtrated irreconcilable to the ſpirit of the conſtitution.

"With theſe principles he ever refuſed to enliſt under the banners of any party, which he denominated faction, and reſiſted the influence of private friendſhips and attachments, whenever they involved a competition with his regard to the conſtitution of his country. Theſe ſentiments may be traced in his correſpondence and publications, and they are ſometimes accompanied with expreſſions of regret ariſing from the impoſſibility of reconciling his political principles, to the bias of his inclinations towards individuals.

"The lateſt political publication of Sir William Jones, is prior to the year 1783. The temper of the nation, ſoured by a long and unſucceſsful war, was diſplayed during the three preceding years, in the bittereſt invectives and cenſures, both in and out of parliament, and thoſe who thought that the principles of the conſtitution had been invaded by the conduct of the miniſter, ſupported by a majority in the houſe of commons, looked to a reformation in the repreſentation of the country, as the only means of reſtoring the balance of the conſtitution. The revolution which has ſince deformed the political ſtate of Europe, was not then foreſeen, and the experience founded on the *conſequences* of the ſpeculations which led to it, or have emerged from it, was to be acquired. In judging of the political opinions of Sir William Jones, and of the freedom with which they were publiſhed to the world, we ſhould revert to the language and ſpirit of the times when they were delivered: It may be further remarked that ſome political theories, which were held to be incontrovertible, have of late years been queſtioned, and that the doctrines of Locke on Government which it would once have been hereſy to deny, no longer command that implicit acquieſcence, which they once almoſt univerſally received.

"In the firſt charge which Sir William Jones delivered to the grand jury at Calcutta, he told them, that he aſpired to no popularity, and ſought no praiſe but that which might be given to a ſtrict and conſcientious diſcharge of duty, without predilection, or prejudice of any kind, and with a fixed reſolution to pronounce on all occaſions what he conceived to be the law, than which no individual muſt ſuppoſe himſelf wiſer. His conduct as a judge was moſt ſtrictly conformable to his profeſſions: on the bench he was laborious, patient, and diſcriminating: his charges to the grand jury, which do not exceed ſix, exhibit a veneration for the laws of his country, a juſt and ſpirited encomium on the trial by jury, as the greateſt and moſt invaluable right derived from them to the ſubject, a deteſtation of crimes, combined with mercy towards the offender, occaſional elucidation of the law, and the ſtrongeſt feelings of humanity and benevolence. By his knowledge of the Sanſcrit and Arabic, he was eminently qualified to promote the adminiſtration of juſtice in the Supreme Court, by detecting miſrepreſentations of the Hindu or Mahommedan laws, and by correcting impoſitions in the form of adminiſtering oaths to the followers of Brahma and Mahommed. If no other benefit had reſulted from his ſtudy of theſe languages, than the compilation of the digeſt, and the tranſlation of Menu and of two Mahommedan law tracts, this application of his talents to promote objects of the firſt importance to India and Europe, would have entitled him to the acknowledgments of both coun-

tries. Of his ſtudies in general it may be obſerved, that the end which he always had in view, was practical utility; that knowledge was not accumulated by him, as a ſource of mere intellectual recreation, or to gratify an idle curioſity, or for the idler purpoſe of oſtentatiouſly diſplaying his acquiſitions; to render himſelf uſeful to his country and mankind, and to promote the proſperity of both, were the primary and permanent motives of his indefatigable exertions in acquiring knowledge.

"The inflexible integrity with which he diſcharged the ſolemn duty of this ſtation will long be remembered in Calcutta, both by Europeans and natives. So cautious was he to guard the independence of his character from any poſſibility of violation or imputation, that no ſolicitation could prevail upon him, to uſe his perſonal influence with the members of adminiſtration in India, to advance the private intereſts of friends whom he eſteemed, and which he would have been happy to promote. He knew the dignity, and felt the importance of his office, and convinced that none could afford him more ample ſcope for exerting his talents to the benefit of mankind, his ambition never extended beyond it. No circumſtance occaſioned his death to be more lamented by the public, than the loſs of his abilities as judge, of which they had had the experience of eleven years.

"When we conſider the time required for the ſtudy of the law as a profeſſion, and that portion of it, which was devoted by Sir William Jones to the diſcharge of his duties as Judge and magiſtrate in India, it muſt appear aſtoniſhing, that he ſhould have found leiſure for the acquiſition of his numerous attainments in ſcience and literature, and for completing the voluminous works which have been given to the public. On this ſubject I ſhall, I truſt, be excuſed for uſing, as I may find convenient, my own language in a diſcourſe which I addreſſed to the Aſiatic ſociety a few days after his deceaſe.

"There were in truth few ſciences in which he had not acquired conſiderable proficiency; in moſt his knowledge was profound. The theory of muſic was familiar to him, nor had he neglected to render himſelf acquainted with the intereſting diſcoveries lately made in chemiſtry; and I have heard him aſſert that his admiration of the ſtructure of the human frame, induced him to attend for a ſeaſon, to a courſe of anatomical lectures delivered by his friend, the celebrated Hunter. Of his ſkill in mathematics I am ſo far qualified to ſpeak, that he frequently peruſed and ſolved the problems in the Principia.

"His laſt and favourite purſuit was the ſtudy of botany. It conſtituted the principal amuſement of his leiſure hours. In the arrangement of Linnæus he diſcovered ſyſtem, truth, and ſcience, which never failed to captivate and engage his attention; and from the proofs which he has exhibited of his progreſs in botany, we may conclude, if he had lived, that he would have extended his diſcoveries in that ſcience. From two of the eſſays mentioned in the note, I ſhall tranſcribe two ſhort extracts which mark his judgment and delicacy of ſentiment. 'If botany could be deſcribed by metaphors drawn from the ſcience itſelf, we may juſtly pronounce a minute acquaintance with *plants*, their *claſſes*, *orders*, *kinds*, and *ſpecies*, to be its *flowers*, which can only produce *fruit* by an application of that knowledge to the purpoſes of life, particularly to *diet* by which diſeaſes may be avoided, and to *medicine* by which they may be remedied.' On the indelicacy of the Linnæan definitions, he obſerves, 'Hence it is that no well-born and well-educated woman can be adviſed to amuſe herſelf with botany, as it is now explained; though a more elegant and delightful ſtudy, or one more likely to aſſiſt and embelliſh other female accompliſhments, could not poſſibly be recommended.'

"It cannot be deemed uſeleſs or ſuperfluous to inquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by conſtant exerciſe; and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been impreſſed upon it. In his early years, he ſeems to have entered

upon his career of ſtudy with this maxim ſtrongly impreſſed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him, and it has been remarked, that he never neglected nor overlooked any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring eſteemed accompliſhments.

"To an unextinguiſhed ardour for univerſal knowledge he joined a perſeverance in the purſuit of it, which ſubdued all obſtacles. His ſtudies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermiſſions of profeſſional duties, were continued throughout the day: reflection and meditation ſtrengthened and confirmed what induſtry and inveſtigation had accumulated. It was alſo a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were ſurmountable, from proſecuting to a ſucceſsful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken.

"But what appears to me more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents ſo much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a ſcrupulous adherence to the diſtribution which he had fixed; hence all his ſtudies were purſued without interruption or confuſion. Nor can I omit remarking the candour and complacency, with which he gave his attention to all perſons of whatever quality, talents, or education; he juſtly concluded, that curious or important information might be gained even from the illiterate, and, wherever it was to be obtained, he ſought and ſeized it.

"The literary deſigns which he ſtill meditated, ſeem to have been as ample as thoſe which he executed; and if it had pleaſed Providence to extend the years of his exiſtence, he would in a great meaſure have exhauſted whatever was curious, important, and attainable, in the arts, ſciences, and hiſtories of India, Arabia, Perſia, China, and Tartary. His collections on theſe ſubjects were extenſive, and his ardour and induſtry we know were unlimited. It is to be hoped that the progreſſive labour of the ſociety will in part ſupply, what he had ſo extenſively planned.

"Of his private and ſocial virtues it ſtill remains to ſpeak; and I could with pleaſure expatiate on the independence of his integrity, his humanity and probity, as well as his benevolence, which every living creature participated.

"Could the figure, (I quote with pleaſure his own words) inſtincts, and qualities of birds, beaſts, inſects, reptiles, and fiſh, be aſcertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few ſtudies would afford us more ſolid inſtruction, or more exquiſite delight; but I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturaliſt can occaſion the miſery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to periſh in a cold neſt, becauſe it has gay plumage, and has never been accurately delineated, or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, becauſe it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful: nor ſhall I ever forget the couplet of Fardauſi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applauſe, pours bleſſings on his departed ſpirit.

"Ah! ſpare yon emmet rich in hoarded grain,
He lives with pleaſure, and he dies with pain.

"This may be only a confeſſion of weakneſs, and it certainly is not meant as a boaſt of peculiar ſenſibility; but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has ſuch an effect on my conduct, that I never would ſuffer the *cocila*, whoſe wild native wood-notes announce the approach of ſpring, to be caught in my garden, for the ſake of comparing it with Buffon's deſcription; though I have often examined the domeſtic and engaging *Mayana*, which 'bids us good morrow' at our windows, and expects, as its reward, little more than ſecurity: even when a fine young *manis*, or *pangolin*, was brought to me, againſt my wiſh, from the mountains, I ſolicited his reſtoration to his beloved rocks, becauſe I found it impoſſible to preſerve him in comfort at a diſtance from them.

"I have noticed his cheerful and aſſiduous performance of his filial and fraternal duty: 'to the other virtues of Mr. Jones (I quote the

teſtimony and words of profeſſor Bjornſhal, who viſited Oxford whilſt Sir William Jones reſided there, obligingly communicated to me by Dr. Ford, of Mag. Hall) 'I ought to add that of filial duty, which he diſplays at all times in the moſt exemplary manner. I am not ſingular in the obſervation here made. Every one acquainted with Mr. Jones makes it likewiſe. I feel a pleaſure in dwelling upon a character that does ſuch high honour to human nature.' The unceaſing regret of Lady Jones is a proof of his claim upon her conjugal affections; and I could dwell with rapture on the affability of his converſation and manners, on his modeſt unaſſuming deportment, nor can I refrain from remarking, that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from that arrogance and ſelf-ſufficiency, which ſometimes accompany and diſgrace the greateſt abilities; his preſence was the delight of every ſociety, which his converſation exhilarated and improved.

"His intercourſe with the Indian natives of character and abilities was extenſive: he liberally rewarded thoſe by whom he was ſerved and aſſiſted, and his dependents were treated by him as friends. Under this denomination he has frequently mentioned in his works the name of Bahman, a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaſter, whom he retained in his pay, and whoſe death he often adverted to with regret. Nor can I reſiſt the impulſe which I feel to repeat an anecdote of what occurred after his demiſe; the pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I ſaw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither reſtrain their tears for his loſs, nor find terms to expreſs their admiration at the wonderful progreſs which he had made in the ſciences which they profeſſed.

"If this character of Sir William Jones be not exaggerated by the partiality of friendſhip, we ſhall all apply to him his own words, 'it is happy for us that this man was born.' I have borrowed the application of them from Dr. Parr, and who more competent can be found, to eſtimate the merit of the great ſcholar, whom he deems worthy of this eulogium?

"In the pleaſing office of delineating his virtues, my regret for his loſs has been ſuſpended, but will never be obliterated; and whilſt I cheriſh with pride the recollection that he honoured me with his eſteem, I cannot ceaſe to feel and lament that the voice, to which I liſtened with rapture and improvement, is heard no more.

"As far as happineſs may be conſidered dependent upon the attainment of our wiſhes, he poſſeſſed it. At the period of his death, by a prudent attention to economy, which never encroached upon his liberality, he had acquired a competency, and was in a ſituation to enjoy dignity with independence. For this acquiſition he was indebted to the exertion of his talents and abilities, of energies well directed, and uſefully applied to the benefit of his country and mankind. He had obtained a reputation which might gratify the higheſt ambition: and as far as human happineſs is alſo connected with expectation, he had in proſpect a variety of employments, the execution of which, depended only on the continuance of his health and intellectual powers. I ſhall not here enlarge upon the common topic of the vanity of human wiſhes, proſpects, and enjoyments, which my ſubject naturally ſuggeſts; but if my reader ſhould not participate that admiration which the memory of Sir William Jones excites in my mind, I muſt ſubmit to the mortification of having depreciated a character, which I had fondly hoped would be effectually emblazoned by its own excellence, if I did but ſimply recite the talents and virtue which conſpired to dignify and adorn it.

"POSTSCRIPT.

"The following Epitaph, evidently intended for himſelf, was written by Sir William Jones, a ſhort time only before his demiſe. It diſplays ſome ſtriking features of his character; reſignation to the will of his Creator, love and good-will to mankind, and is modeſtly ſilent upon his intellectual attainments.

"AN EPITAPH.

"Here was depoſited,
the mortal part of a man,
who feared GOD, but not death;
and maintained independence,
but ſought not riches;

who thought
none below him but the baſe and unjuſt,
none above him, but the wiſe and virtuous,
who loved
his parents, kindred, friends, country,
with an ardour,
which was the chief ſource of all his pleaſures and all his pains;
and who having devoted
his life to their ſervice,
and to
the improvement of his mind,
reſigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wiſhing peace on earth,
and with
good-will to all creatures,
on the [*Twenty-ſeventh*] day of [*April*]
in the year of our bleſſed Redeemer,
One Thouſand Seven Hundred
[*and Ninety four.*]

"The Court of Directors of the Eaſt India Company embraced an early opportunity of teſtifying their reſpect for the merit of Sir William Jones. By an unanimous vote of the Court, it was reſolved, that a monument to his memory ſhould be ordered, for the purpoſe of being erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a ſuitable inſcription, and that a ſtatue of Sir William Jones ſhould be prepared at the expence of the Company, and ſent to Bengal with directions for its being placed in a proper ſituation there.

"The poſthumous honours paid to his memory by a ſociety of gentlemen in Bengal, who had received their education at Oxford, were no leſs liberal than appropriate. They ſubſcribed a ſum to be given as a prize for the beſt diſſertation on his character and merits, by any of the ſtudents at that univerſity, and the propoſal, with the ſanction of the heads of the univerſity, having been carried into execution, the premium was adjudged to Mr. Henry Philpotts, A. M. Fellow of Magdalen College.

"The expectations of my readers would be diſappointed, if I were not to mention the ſolicitude of Lady Jones, and the means adopted by her, for perpetuating the fame of a huſband, with whom ſhe had lived in the cloſeſt union of eſteem and affection. Without dwelling upon the elegant monument erected to his memory at her expenſe, in the anti-chamber of Univerſity College, Oxford, her regard for his reputation was more effectually evinced, by the publication of his works in an elegant edition of ſix quarto volumes, in ſtrict conformity to his opinion, that 'The beſt monument that can be erected to a man of literary talents, is a good edition of his works.'"

XCI. TRAVELS *from* BERLIN *through* SWITZERLAND *to* PARIS, *in the Year* 1804. *By* AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, *Author of the Stranger, Lovers' Vows, Pizarro, &c. &c. Tranſlated from the German. In Three Volumes. Phillips. Price* 12*s.*

THIS very amuſing work, by the far-famed KOTZEBUE, will afford numerous extracts.

Take his deſcription of

"Bern, Lauſanne, Geneva.

"What more can I tell you of all theſe cities, than that I have viſited them, and ſeen what hundreds have ſeen before me? The towns are not to be reckoned among the beauties of Switzerland; they are, particularly the greater ones, old, winding, and interſected by narrow dirty ſtreets, which the high houſes completely deprive of the benefits of a free circulation of air. Wholeſome as the air of Switzerland may be without the gates, it is certainly no leſs unwholeſome in the towns, excepting in the ſmaller ones, on the lake of Geneva, called Morges and Rolle.

"I was particularly pleaſed with the idea of ſeeing the *bone-houſe*, near Murten, celebrated for three centuries and a half, where, after the great victory gained over Charles of Burgundy in 1476, the bones of the ſlain were collected. Alas! the ſpot hardly remains perceptable. The French demoliſhed it laſt year, diſperſed the bones, or threw them into the lake. Why? they themſelves probably cannot tell. They ſeem frequently to be ſeized with a childiſh love of deſtroying. Meanwhile, there ſtill remain ribs, ſkulls, and bones enough on the place, with which no one meddles; ſo that it will very likely be diſtinguiſhable yet for ſome years.

"At Geneva I ſaw an excellent

hiſtorical picture, by St. Ours the painter. This being the only kind of painting of which I am an enthuſiaſtic admirer, but which I find ſo little cultivated, the ſight of it was a real treat to me. It is very large, covers a whole wall, and repreſents the Olympic games, at the moment the victor has overcome his third antagoniſt, who, having fallen down, ſtill ſupports himſelf on his athletic arm.

"He advances to the judge of the combat, and demands the prize. The judge takes the crown, the people around ſhout applauſe, and the conquered are carried off the field. The enraptured father of the conqueror ſtands among the ſpectators; Socrates is preſent, and the prieſteſſes of Ceres, the only females permitted to attend at the games, ſit by the judge's ſide.

"The artiſt has repreſented theſe prieſteſſes as young maidens of exquiſite beauty, and their charms are heightened by the coſtume. One of them riſes involuntarily from her ſeat, her poſture bending with a lovely *naïveté* toward the victor, ſeems to imply that ſhe feels more intereſt for his perſon than becomes her ſacred profeſſion, and one of her ſiſters gently draws her back. This group, charming as it is, appears however to be a fault in the picture, as it draws the eye from the principal figure, and attracts and reattracts without ceaſing. The conqueror too is, perhaps, ſomewhat ſtiff, and the colouring of his body is not the beſt. But, thank God, I am not connoiſſeur enough to criticize. *I have felt*, and that is enough.

"From St. Ours I went to the celebrated Deluc, a very ingenious old man, who, with the utmoſt readineſs, ſhewed me his fine cabinet of foſſils, lavas, and ſhells. I am ſorry I underſtand ſo little of this ſcience. He made violent objections to the hypotheſis, that the *moon-ſtones*, as they are called, are really projected upon the earth by volcanoes in that planet. He is of opinion, that the law of gravitation will not permit even a ſingle atom to ſwerve from its planet. What he ſays concerning volcanoes in general, and their origin, is extremely intereſting. Without brine or ſea-water, he is of opinion that no volcano can exiſt, and that they will always be found in the vicinity of the ſea, that ſea-water is abſolutely neceſſary to create ſuch a ferment; that at firſt every volcano is but a hole in the ground, which becomes a mountain by the eruptions continued for thouſands of years.

"When I objected to him with a ſmile, that, in this manner, it would require an infinite time to form a mountain like Mount Etna, and that this muſt make one ſuſpect the truth of the ſcriptural account of the age of the world, he denied what I ſaid, telling me, that the volcanoes had perhaps already from the beginning commenced forming *under* the water, which was proved by the many marine animals found on the ſummits of mountains. I ſhould like to have liſtened to him for hours; but unſkilled as I am in the ſcience, I could not give you a faithful report of what he ſaid.

"I found the theatre at Geneva indifferent. Among other pieces, was acted *Monſieur de Crac dans ſon petit Caſtel*, when I ſaw ſeveral good comedians. The mayor's box looks like a parrot's cage, being twiſted all round with wire; a ſingular mark of diſtinction. The ſlovenly faſhion among actors, to tear holes in the curtain to pop their noſes through, is prevalent, but care has, at leaſt, been taken to prevent the holes from becoming ſlits, they having been bordered with tin.

"In Berlin the public are indebted to Iffland (to whom they owe many things) for the correction of this indecency. I would much rather have ſeen Mont Blanc than all the decorations of the theatre at Geneva; but it would not favour me with throwing off its cloudy mantle. But this venerable mountain, will, no doubt, remain on the ſame ſpot; and I hope to find it ſome other time.

"I miſſed another curioſity of Geneva, to my great regret; the celebrated authoreſs of *Delphine* had alſo wrapt herſelf up in her veil, and was gone, I know not whither. To procure an adequate compenſation for this diſappointment, I went to *Ferney*, and entered its ſanctuary with a beating heart. I had ſeen the model of it at Peterſburgh, in the palace of the Hermitage, and was diſappointed in the expectations I had formed of the building; in fact, the picture of a

town generally appears handſomer than the town itſelf.

"It was not for the ſake of what is called the caſtle of Ferney that I came hither; I wiſhed only to enter the place where Voltaire had lived, walked, and compoſed his poems; I wiſhed to feaſt on the ſenſations which, in ſuch a place, a ſuſceptible fancy ſo eaſily creates. The houſe now belongs to a merchant whoſe name I do not recollect; but he ſhews reſpect for Voltaire's memory, by leaving his bedchamber exactly as it was when inhabited by the philoſopher.

"There I ſtill found his bed with the faded curtains of yellow ſilk; there ſtill hung *le Kain*'s portrait, that of Frederic the Great; a piece of embroidery of the Empreſs Catherine, and many other articles of the ſame kind. In a niche was an urn, in which his heart was incloſed, with this inſcription: '*I am ſatisfied ſince my heart remains among you.*'

"In another room we found a billiard table on which he uſed to play, and—a living relic, too, walks about the houſe, an old prieſt, who had lived nine years with Voltaire. I cannot find words for the peculiar melancholy caſt of my feelings. You, dear madam, who are ſo rich in tender ſentiments, perfectly underſtand me, even without utterance.

"Here ends my deſcriptive tour through Switzerland; which you will ſurely not tax with prolixity. Should I once make a journey on foot through theſe romantic regions (and this is my firm reſolution) then I hope to feel ſtill more than I ſhall write.

"Switzerland ought to be traverſed on foot; to travel in a carriage is extremely tedious and very expenſive. If a Swiſs coachman has jogged on four or five German miles a day, with his well fed horſes, he thinks he has done wonders, and three crowns muſt be paid him for his two beaſts, and as much for the following day, when he returns empty; at the ſame time, you are obliged to dine, and to ſtop at night wherever he thinks proper, and muſt ſuffer yourſelf to be cheated at the expenſive inns. This happened, contrary to my expectation, leſs frequently in the ſmall towns than in the beſt inns of the great ones, which were often greatly inferior. Almoſt every where I found the accommodations bad; one inſtance will ſerve for many.

"At Lauſanne, I alighted at the Golden Lion, which Reichardt, in his *Guide des Voyageurs*, calls the *beſt inn*. 'Have you any room?' I aſked the waiter, who came up to the coach door.—'Yes.'—'But,' continued I, (having been impoſed upon before by ſuch anſwers) 'have you *good accommodations?*'—'*O yes!*'—'I want two apartments.'—'They are at your ſervice.' He conducted me up three pair of filthy ſtairs, through a variety of dirty holes, and ſhowed me one room. 'Where is the other?'—'*Twenty yards farther.*'—'I wiſh them to be cloſe together.'—'*They are not to be had.*'

"Well, I put up with theſe; but neither of them had a table in it. At laſt the tables were brought. I ordered tea, which was brought me at the expiration of an hour. 'At what time to-morrow morning can I have coffee?' I aſked. 'As early as you pleaſe.'—'At five o'clock.'—'Very well.'

"The morning came; but no coffee. I got up to ring, but there was no bell. Some hot embers appeared ſtill glowing under the aſhes. I went to light the fire myſelf, but—there were no bellows. At laſt my ſervant brought coffee at ſix o'clock. 'Why ſo late?' aſked I.—'Every body in the houſe is yet aſleep, and the ſcolding cook was obliged to be drummed out of her bed.'—'And the waiter, who promiſed yeſterday?' 'He is aſleep.'—'And the porter, who is to make the fire in the ſtove?'—'He is aſleep alſo.'

"All theſe neglects are trifles, if you will; but you muſt own, that they are apt to provoke, eſpecially where, in ſpite of irregularity, one is obliged to pay dear beyond example. In the ſame houſe they made me pay one frank for a wax light; for a ſupper of three diſhes, a French crown per head; and ſo on in proportion.

"For a man accuſtomed to riſe as early as I am, it is very unpleaſant to find people ſleep ſo long as in Switzerland and in France. In Geneva, where I put up at the ſign of the *Balance*, the waiter plainly told me, that he could get no coffee ſo early,

for the Ruſſians and Engliſh drank it much later. It is is beſt for a perſon to carry every thing with him, to warm the room with his own materials, to ſtrike a light, and to boil his coffee in the chimney.

"In travelling it often happens that we find things very different from what we expected Thus, for inſtance, I was much afraid of the French cuſtom-houſe officers, having been told that they ſearch very ſtrictly, throw every thing into confuſion, and are extremely inſolent. I found them the reverſe in every reſpect. The cuſtom-houſe officers on the frontiers were very polite, caſt a glance upon my paſſport, merely opened my trunk, and did not detain me five minutes. The ſearchers took a trifle; but another officer preſent was almoſt offended, when I was going to make him my beſt acknowledgments, and to put ſomething into his hand. According to certain modern accounts, I was afraid leſt I ſhould be obliged to depoſit one-half of the value of my carriage; but nobody thought of aſking it of me. This law applies only to carriages imported from England.

"CERDON.

"I was moſt agreeably ſurprized on my way from Geneva hither. I was ignorant that I ſhould ſee ſuch diſtricts, as leave every thing I ſaw in Switzerland far behind them. Every one who traverſes that country has ſomething to ſay concerning it; thinking he has been admiring the moſt ſplendid ſcenes which nature exhibits; but moſt travellers would, like me, be amazed, were they but to continue their route to Lyons, —winding their way through fort *L'Ecluſe*, where, between the ruſhing Rhone and the towering rocks, the way ſeems cloſed even to the ſliding lizard; were they to ſee the wild, the awfully romantic and rugged cliffs, from which, at ſmall diſtances of ſcarcely one hundred yards, the water ſometimes furiouſly precipitates itſelf, ſometimes trickles down, but often only oozes through the ſtones, and decks whole mountains with a gliſtening brilliancy.

"Thus you proceed as far as the neighbourhood of Avranche, conſtantly beholding under your feet, the thouſand meanders of the hoarſe Rhone, which vainly tries to daſh its foam over the countleſs vineyards, till at length it ruſhes, roaring, into an unfathomable abyſs of rocks, and vaniſhes entirely. Three hundred yards farther it breaks forth again with impetuoſity, and haſtens to join its bride, the Saone. The ſpace in which it rolls its waves, deep in the boſom of the earth, is overarched with excavated rocks. In the rainy ſeaſon, the tomb which ſwallows up the Rhone and vomits it forth again, is too ſmall to receive the whole volume of its waters. They then flow partly over the ſurface, and thus two rivers run, ſide by ſide, ſeparated only by a ſlight partition of rocks.

"Proceeding farther, you every moment expect to behold the end of your journey; but yonder, where the rocks ſeem to cloſe, the path ſuddenly winds between them, and a new romantic world opens to your aſtoniſhed ſight. Here a ſmall lake, there ſteep ſhelving rocks, with winding foot-paths. Between huge maſſes of fantaſtically towering ſtones, you behold a vineyard, extorted, as it were, from nature; here again are lonely mills, ſupported by rugged cliffs, from which caſcades ſeem to pour on the roofs of the houſes beneath.

"Held in uninterrupted amazement, you thus move forwards to the environs of Nantua, where you enter a valley, which I feel tempted to call the Valley of Deſpair. Any thing ſo wildly awful I never beheld. The lonely, ſcattered houſes ſeem to have been built by ſome Cruſoe, who was wrecked in the great world. Here, as in Nova Zembla, the ſun is never ſeen in winter; the black and naked rocks winds into dungeons; the ſongs of birds are not mingled with the murmur of the ſtreams, as they foam down the crags; but the ſcanty fields, which man with laborious induſtry has ſtolen from frowning nature, are ſurrounded by cold marſhes.

"The road again winds; you are preſently in the middle of Nantua, a gay, little town, in ſpite of the rocks which rear their crags above all the houſes. No ſooner have you paſſed this place, than you are again ſurrounded by ſcenery wildly pictureſque. It is no longer compoſed of wavy ridges of mountains, but is formed by ſtones of extraordinary figures, which

ſtand upright, and which ſome revolution of the earth, in the dark ages of antiquity, has placed in their preſent ſituation—figures, which you are ſometimes ready to ſwear are gigantic ſtatues, the workmanſhip of ſome barbarous period. Beyond Nantua to the right, for inſtance, you ſee the figure of a giant on a cliff, who, like the king of the country, has ſurveyed, perhaps for thouſands of years, the ſurrounding diſtricts.

"You then diſcover, here and there, ruins of old caſtles, cliffs, and caverns; to reach which it is neceſſary to be drawn up with ropes; deeply furrowed rocks, ploughed for centuries by ſhowers of rain, interſperſed with vineyards and new croſſes, the evidences of induſtry and returning piety. You at length reach a very narrow, cold valley, ſhaded by gloomy pine trees. It is cloſed at the extremity by rugged rocks; and behind this craggy wall, nature, enthroned in all her majeſty, has reſerved for you the moſt enchanting ſpectacle.

"Stepping, as from behind a ſcene, you ſuddenly behold a narrow, ſmiling dale; you ſee on the left, caſcades, great and ſmall, precipitating themſelves from higher or lower ranges of rocks; large and ſmall brooks murmuring down, and uniting at the bottom, meander through the verdant meadows. Behind riſes a decayed caſtle, on a cliff, almoſt entirely excavated by the water, and farther on to the left are the ruins of another caſtle, to which the watch-tower, on a more diſtant ridge, and ſtill in good preſervation, no longer affords protection. On the right you diſcover ſteep detached rocks, reſembling a wall of freeſtone, and at top forming a menacing vault, beneath which the traveller ſteals with horror; for here and there detached maſſes of ſtone which have fallen down, ſeem to warn him of the danger.

"Yet beneath this terrific vault the blue fruit of the vine is ſtill ſeen to ſparkle, and cloſe to its brink ſtands a new houſe, raiſed high into the air by the projecting ſtones: the back ground of this divinely beautiful valley is cloſed by the little town of Cerdon, and its hoſpitable white houſes.

"Pardon me, if, unfaithful to my reſolution, I have almoſt been betrayed into a deſcription. Alas! here it was that I again, for the firſt time, experienced a ſenſation of returning ſerenity. Really the beauties of the road from Geneva to Cerdon are alone worth a journey; and particularly during the vintage, when gay groupes are every where in motion, and every one confeſſes, laughing, that he has not veſſels enough to collect the bleſſings of nature. You meet every moment large waggons containing open caſks full of grapes, or obſerve barrels ſtanding in long rows by the road-ſide. Both old and young are occupied in preſſing the fruit. If the ſight of it tempt you, and you are thirſty, you need but to aſk. A fair labourer immediately appears, and preſents you with a baſket full of picked grapes. *Prenez tant que vous voudrez*, ſays the owner of the vineyard, *vous ne payerez rien*. That is, take as many as you pleaſe, they will coſt you nothing.

"Beyond Cerdon, the country becomes more level and more pleaſant; but the chain of ſnowy mountains, reſembling lucid clouds, which you deſcry on your left, at a vaſt diſtance, ſtill continue to impart to it a character of majeſty. It is a pity that this ſuperb road ſhould ſo often be interrupted by villages and ſmall towns; or rather that travellers are obliged to paſs through them; for I have ſcarcely ſeen any thing more filthy than theſe dwellings, even in Poland."

The *ſtreets of Paris* are pleaſingly deſcribed in four letters to a lady; but having given our readers an idea of Paris from Holcroft's Travels, we only inſert the following very curious article at full length.

"THE FIRST CONSUL AND HIS RETINUE.

"It would be uſeleſs and impertinent were I to ſpeak of Bonaparte as a hero or a ſtateſman. Deeds crowned with ſucceſs are always heroic exploits, and that ſyſtem of politics is right, which makes a country happy and glorious. Thus poſterity alone can form a judgment of the man who, as was once ſung of Jupiter, moves the world with his eyelids. And upon what will the judgment of poſterity be founded? Almoſt entirely upon the ſucceſsful reſults. Mankind, circumſcribed within ſuch narrow limits, have no other ſtandard. If Bonaparte ſhould conquer peace and

uninterrupted tranquillity; if he should suffer the sword for a series of years to sink deep in the scabbard (to sheathe it entirely would not be advisable), he will certainly unite under his shield all the beneficent attendants of peace. He is reproached with what many celebrated characters have been accused of—that he does not scruple to sacrifice men, that he regards them as mere instruments to enable him to obtain his ends! Granting this to be the case—without bringing to recollection that to a man on the top of a mountain, those in the valley appear very little, while the ruler at the head of the people becomes acquainted with no small number, who are little indeed—Allowing, I say, that this is the case, can the people be anxious to know why Bonaparte made them happy? Supposing the good old times should return, when every peasant shall put his fowl into his pot, will he ask, 'Is it to the love of the sovereign that I owe the comforts I enjoy?' No! the people never stand upon such nice points. The more happy they are, the less they think of the author of their happiness; for nations act towards their rulers just as mankind in general towards God; they neither murmur nor complain till they are involved in distress, whether through their own fault or otherwise.

"In such a station it may possibly be difficult to continue to love or even to value men. If each who approaches shuts his heart and only opens his hand to receive; if every one exposes only his finest colours as a flower expands in the genial sunshine, but quickly contracts its leaves, if a gloomy cloud passes over it; if all are only chained to the throne by ambition and cupidity, without being attached to him who is seated upon it; if they whisper to the new sovereign to-morrow what they whispered to the old one to-day—tell me, for God's sake, whence is respect for mankind to be derived? Only a friend, in the true sense of the word, such a friend as Sully was to Henry IV. can preserve the sovereign's heart from that frigid apathy which must otherwise pervade it, and render him an enemy to mankind. This, however, is a misfortune only for himself not for his people, who, regardless of the cause of their happiness, do not attribute to love what ambition has created.

"On my arrival at Paris, I was extremely anxious to see the celebrated hero of the age. Several days elapsed before my wish was gratified. At length, one evening, the performance at the Theatre Français was interrupted by a loud and general clapping, and all eyes were directed towards Bonaparte's box, which is close to the stage. Unfortunately I just then happened to be in one where I could not see him; but the managers having very politely permitted me to go to any part of the house I pleased, I immediately availed myself of this privilege, and hastened upon the stage, to obtain a good view of this remarkable man from a *coulisse* exactly opposite to his box. I had frequently been upon the stage before, and had never met with any obstacle: but how great was my astonishment on this occasion to find the three first *coulisses* occupied by consular guards, by whom every person that attempted to approach was ordered to retire. Even the maid of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who was acting a part which I no longer recollect, experienced the same treatment, though her mistress was in great need of her assistance. Through the interference, however, of Messrs. Lafond and Monvel, who happened to be near me, this strict prohibition was waved both with respect to the lady's maid and myself.

"I cannot account for this severity, which, as a mere measure of security, appears to me insufficient. Perhaps Bonaparte is not fond of being gazed at: to this he must accustom himself; for it is inseparable from such a rank as he holds. Perhaps he never gave such an order himself, and probably he even disapproves of it. I don't recollect at least to have ever afterwards seen consular guards upon the stage.

"At the play he is very grave and quiet, appears extremely attentive, speaks to none of his suite, all of whom stand behind him, gives no sign of approbation or disapprobation, nor even betrays his feelings by a look. The pit receives him with

thundering plaudits, but he pays no attention to them. The audience do not renounce their right to hiſs, and I ſaw a new piece damned in the preſence of Bonaparte, who had come to ſee it. During theſe petulant ſcenes, he remains quite compoſed, reflecting, no doubt, that the Pariſians, like the Romans, muſt have *panem et circenſes*, if they are to be kept quiet.

"Bonaparte is particularly fond of tragedy. He acknowledged to me that he did not like comedy, but availed himſelf of the obſervation urged by Voltaire: *Que tous les genres ſont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* It ſhould not, however, be imagined, that he is abſolutely an enemy to comedy: nay, I even ſaw him preſent at the firſt repreſentation of a new comedy; and he came to that of my drama, entitled, *Bruder Zwiſt* (Brothers' Quarrels), which was acted immediately after a tragedy that he had not been to ſee.

"His boxes in the four principal theatres are decorated very richly, and with great taſte. Among other ornaments is a gold ſtar, which is ſometimes on the top and ſometimes at the bottom of the box. It is ſaid that he believes in a ſtar of fortune, on which he places more reliance than on his own great genius. If this were even true (as many perſons have aſſured me), it cannot detract from his celebrity. If the Greek, whom the oracle pronounced to be the wiſeſt of men, was permitted, without diſparagement to his wiſdom, to have a demon, why ſhould not Bonaparte as well be allowed a ſtar!

"I was twice preſent at the grand parade, now one of the moſt remarkable ſights at Paris. It is really an impoſing ſpectacle. I was with ſeveral other perſons in a ſaloon of the *bel étage*, almoſt in the middle of the Thuilleries, through which Bonaparte was to paſs. The attendants had very politely aſſigned us this place, and it was owing to our uniforms that we were permitted to remain; for one of our companions who wore a frock, was informed, but with great civility, by an adjutant, that he could not ſtay there, but, at the ſame time, he ordered another very good place to be aſſigned him.

"All the halls were lined, *en haie*, with guards: from ten to twelve men being ſtationed in each apartment, at the diſtance of two or three paces from one another, and two on every ſtep of the ſtair-caſe. The infantry were already drawn up in the great court-yard of the Thuilleries, and conſiſted of five or ſix different regiments. Their uniforms are not very ſtriking, being quite plain; the long coats appear to me neither handſome nor convenient; but the large bare-ſkin caps have a martial appearance. The colours of the conſular guards are not only decorated with the national ribbons, but bear gold ſuns in the middle; they are principally green. A vain ornament of each regiment is the drum-major, who is clothed by the officers with the moſt prodigal ſplendor, and in this reſpect the different regiments vie with each other. For this purpoſe the talleſt and handſomeſt men are ſelected, and their regimentals, if I am not miſtaken, are of velvet, and ſo profuſely loaded with gold lace, that you can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the colour of the ground. The French army are likewiſe extremely vain of their whiſkers, which are preſerved with ſuch care as to grow to an immenſe ſize. Among the *ſappeurs*, there are even men who ſuffer the whole of their coal-black beard to grow till it reaches down to their boſoms.

"The cavalry, conſiſting of chaſſeurs, horſe-guards, and an uncommonly fine regiment of cuiraſſiers, was ſtationed beyond the iron gate of the *Place de Carouſel*. The little corps of Mamelukes were diſtinguiſhed by their ſplendid eaſtern coſtume.

"The colours were then brought from the apartments of the Firſt Conſul, who ſoon afterwards arrived, ſurrounded by generals and adjutants, all wearing ſuperb regimentals, while his dreſs was extremely plain, without embroidery or other tinſel, and his hat without taſſel, lace, or feather. He walked very faſt, carrying only a ſmall riding whip in his hand. At the gate, he mounted a grey horſe, and, followed by a brilliant retinue, rode ſlowly up and down the ranks. Having thus reviewed the infantry, he proceeded to inſpect the cavalry in the ſame manner. Beſides the troops, a great concourſe of people had collected, many of whom delivered petitions to him. As far as I could ſee,

all theſe petitioners were permitted to approach him; and, as to the ſtrict meaſures of precaution which are ſaid to be taken for his ſecurity, they were not obſerved, at leaſt on that day; for in the manner in which he rode about among the people, his life was in the hands of every reſolute villain.

"Upon his return to the court-yard, he was ſeveral times ſtopped by females, who approached extremely cloſe, ſpoke to him, and preſented petitions. Theſe, from what I could obſerve, he gave to his adjutant. One petition, however, preſented to him by a woman, who even laid hold of the bridle of his horſe (unleſs my eyes deceived me) he immediately opened, and returned a ſhort anſwer. During this review, his favourite Mameluke, ſuperbly dreſſed, was not immediately behind him, as is generally reported, but only in the ſuite, behind all the generals.

"He then returned and ſtopped before the entrance of the Thuilleries, a few yards from the place which I occupied. Here the Turkiſh ambaſſador preſented him with two horſes in the name of the Grand Seignior. They were ſaid to be very handſome, but their beauty could not be perceived, being ſuperbly capariſoned from head to foot, and almoſt entirely covered with gold and pearls. They certainly were very ſpirited animals, for two Turks having mounted them, to ride about the yard, one was immediately thrown; but he ſeemed to be accuſtomed to it, for he inſtantly got up, and at one leap was again in the ſaddle.

"Bonaparte, who meanwhile frequently took ſnuff out of a very plain tortoiſe-ſhell box, did not deign to take notice of the preſent. He only now and then caſt an indifferent look towards them. He ſeemed, on the contrary to be totally occupied with the troops, whom he cauſed to perform ſucceſſive manœuvres. The colonel of each regiment came, from time to time, with his ſword drawn, to receive his orders, and gave the word of command accordingly. Every regiment was ordered to form a diſtinct ſquare, probably in commemoration of the war in Egypt. He ordered the conſular guard to go through the platoon exerciſe, in which, in preſenting and firing, the firſt rank kneels, while the two others fire over their heads. Whether the word of command was not diſtinctly heard or underſtood, I will not pretend to determine, but it was moſt imperfectly executed. Half companies waited as if to recollect themſelves, and at length very leiſurely dropped on their knees one after the other. The Firſt Conſul expreſſed his diſpleaſure by ordering the light exerciſe to be repeated ſeven or eight times. The infantry then filed off before him, when the band ſtruck up, a muſic ſcarcely to be equalled any where. They do not play common marches, in which each part is regularly repeated, but rather marching ſymphonies compoſed by good maſters, and performed with uncommon preciſion.

"After the infantry had filed off, the cavalry, mounted on capital horſes, (perhaps from Hanover) rode in and defiled likewiſe. Of theſe regiments only one went through a few manœuvres, which concluded the grand parade for that day. At the next, a battalion of ſeamen was alſo drawn up, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by being armed with boarding or grappling hooks.

"In order to avoid meeting the Firſt Conſul on his return, we now haſtened down into the Hall of the Ambaſſadors, (or rather into ſome very plain apartmements called by that name) where we found the whole diplomatic corps, and all the foreigners who were to be preſented. As we ſaw nothing but ſtars and orders of knighthood, it ſeemed as if we were ſuddenly tranſported to the court of ſome monarch. The coſtume of the prefects of the palace, who were walking about in their embroidered ſcarlet coats, with blue ſcarfs, alone reminded us of the republican conſulate. Officers and ſervants in green liveries, laced with gold, offered us *liqueurs* and other refreſhments, after which the whole glittering train ſet itſelf in motion, and aſcended the ſtairs of parade. The guards were ſtill ſtationed as before on the ſteps and in the apartments. At the landing-place on the top, about half a company, with their drummer, were parading. We paſſed ſlowly through three or four apartments filled with all ſorts of new French coſtumes, as,

Huiſſiers, in black, with gold chains and a medal ſuſpended from their necks, juſt as the ancient knights uſed to be dreſſed; a number of plain blue uniforms, embroidered with gold or ſilver, &c. The apartments through which we were conducted were the ſame where I had ſeen the hundred Swiſs guards dreſſed *à la Henri IV.* and through which the whole royal family then paſſed to go to maſs. A melancholy ſenſation oppreſſed my mind, upon comparing that moment with the preſent.

"The doors of the hall of audience were then thrown open. The principal decoration of this apartment conſiſts of colours placed in picturesque groups. Bonaparte was ſtanding between the ſecond and third Conſul, who were dreſſed in richly embroidered ſcarlet clothes, but in the ordinary faſhion. The grand judge was likewiſe preſent in his coſtume, which greatly reſembles that of the cardinals. As ſoon as a circle was formed, Bonaparte advanced, and firſt ſpoke to the electoral prince of Wirtemberg, and then went round to the reſt in regular ſucceſſion, juſt as other kings or princes are accuſtomed to do to the miniſters of foreign courts who preſent their countrymen on the occaſion. Moſt of the buſts or portraits of him which I have ſeen, are little like him, and many of them have no reſemblance at all. Among the latter is the celebrated picture by David. Iſabey, who painted him at full length, ſtanding, and by whom there is likewiſe a very good print of the Firſt Conſul, has been moſt ſucceſsful. The new buſt or effigy on the ſix-livre-pieces, or French crowns of the year twelve, is by far the moſt accurate reſemblance. Whenever I look at it, I fancy that the Firſt Conſul is ſtanding before me. He has, of late, grown ſomewhat corpulent, which does not become him ſo well; for imagination allows him only ſo much of an earthly form as is neceſſary to be the inſtrument of the mind. I am ſure that none would conceive Bonaparte to be corpulent, yet ſuch is ſomewhat the caſe at preſent, but this probably appears the more ſtriking as he is low in ſtature. His profile is that of an ancient Roman, grave, noble, and expreſſive. Were he always ſilent, his gravity would have ſomething frigid and repulſive; but when he ſpeaks, a placid ſmile gives a grace to his mouth, and produces confidence in the perſon whom he addreſſes. It was exactly the ſame with Paul I. whoſe pleaſant countenance was irreſiſtible.

"Now I am ſpeaking of Paul, I ought not to omit mentioning, that the Firſt Conſul had ſome converſation with me concerning this unfortunate monarch, and teſtified his ſincere regard for him. 'He was a hot-headed prince,' ſaid he, among other things, 'but he had an excellent heart.'

"The American miniſter ſtood at ſome diſtance from me, and if I remember rightly, I was converſing with him concerning the commerce of his country. This afforded that gentleman an opportunity of dropping a ſlight hint how deſirable the return of peace would be. Bonaparte ſhrugged his ſhoulders, as if he meant to ſay, 'It is not my fault.' Some words on this ſubject even ſeemed ready to eſcape his lips, but he repreſſed them, and proceeded. He ſpoke with great eaſe and frankneſs on various topics, and when he approached me a ſecond time, the ſtage was likewiſe brought on the carpet. He called us Germans melancholy, and expreſſed his opinion, that the moving, ſentimental comedies were in ſome meaſure injurious to French tragedy; adding, that he was not fond of weeping, &c.

"In mentioning here what the Firſt Conſul ſaid to me, it is natural that I ſhould ſelect only ſuch things as may, without regard to myſelf, prove intereſting to the public. To baniſh ſelf entirely from a deſcriptive tour is, in fact, impoſſible, but a perſon ought by no means to make himſelf the principal character, as we have lately ſeen done.

"The Chief Conſul having finiſhed his round, returned to his former ſituation between the other two Conſuls, who, during the whole time, had not ſtirred from the ſpot. He then bowed, which was the ſignal for retiring, and remained ſtanding till the whole diplomatic corps had withdrawn. Immenſe crowds of inquiſitive faces ſurrounded the Thuilleries, both now and during the parade, but they were kept at a reſpectful diſtance by the ſentinels; and it could ſcarcely

be ſuppoſed, that it was theſe ſame gazers who fired thoſe balls againſt this palace, the marks of which are ſtill to be ſeen on the wall, as the holes were purpoſely left not only unrepaired, but even with the balls in them. By the ſide of each mark is inſcribed in large characters, 'The tenth of Auguſt!'

"I cannot forbear mentioning here an unpleaſant epilogue to my preſentation to the Firſt Conſul. The following morning his muſicians announced themſelves, to congratulate me upon my arrival, that is, to obtain a *douceur*. There being but two of them, I thought it would be quite enough if I made them a preſent of a French crown a-piece. With this, however, they were not ſatisfied, and informed me that they were twenty-four in number. I then loſt all patience, but very politely told them, that the congratulation of men of their diſtinguiſhed talents could have no other price than thanks for ſuch an honour, and ſent them away with long faces. Their chief is certainly ignorant of this kind of beggary, and I think I ſhall do ſome good by making it known; for every Frenchman whoſe eye this may meet, will certainly be eager to contribute all in his power to the ſuppreſſion of an abuſe ſo diſgraceful to the honour of the nation.

"Much has already appeared in print concerning the Firſt Conſul's dinners, and I have nothing new to add. That he is not fond of ſitting long at table, every one knows. It is equally well known that he gives good cheer, but is not fond of dainties. He is reported frequently to have ſaid, 'Whoever wiſhes to fare ſumptuouſly muſt not come to me, but muſt go to the Conſul Cambaceres.'

"Entertainments are given in the great gallery ſometimes to ſeveral hundred perſons, but I muſt acknowledge that this immenſe and beautiful gallery excites and cheriſhes ſenſations ill calculated to improve the appetite. Imagine the walls covered with Gobelin tapeſtry, exhibiting the battles of Conſtantine, (the colours of which begin, alas! to fade but too much, on the ſide that is expoſed to the ſun)—add to theſe, at ſhort intervals from each other, the greateſt heroes of France, as Bayard, Condé, Turenne, &c. from the life, in white marble of exquiſite workmanſhip. Every one will be equally ſenſible with myſelf, that ſuch a place is more fit for the meeting of a council of war, the concluding of a treaty of peace, or the reception of ambaſſadors, than the rattling of plates. Some celebrated antiques are likewiſe to be ſeen here; as, the youth extracting a thorn from his foot, the woman playing upon bones, &c. The many paintings on the ceiling are likewiſe of great value. But it it a great pity that this ceiling has ſeveral chinks. The apartment which may with great propriety be denominated the dining-hall is pretty capacious, but not very conveniently connected with Madame Bonaparte's ſuite of apartments, and is remarkable only for its noble ſimplicity.

"As I am now treating of the reſidence of the Firſt Conſul and his conſort at Paris, I ſhall here introduce whatever elſe appeared to me to be worthy of notice. Madame Bonaparte's apartments are finiſhed in the moſt elegant ſtyle, but are not overcharged with magnificence. Some valuable bronzes, which have, however, been ſeen before at Verſailles; a few excellent paintings, the beſt of which is a ſleeping Venus by Correggio, ſome works in marble and Moſaics of the Florence ſchool, together with ſeveral beautiful vaſes from the manufactory of Sevres, conſtitute almoſt all that can be called valuable in the furniture. Many things of the ſame kind are to be met with in the houſes of opulent private individuals. To hang the rooms with ſilk ſtuffs of one uniform colour, and in plaits, is now the prevailing taſte, but, however pleaſing may be the effect produced, it will not be of long duration, as the duſt ſettles too much in the plaits, and ſervants will ſcarcely give themſelves the trouble to clean the walls every day up to the ceiling.

"In one of Madame Bonaparte's drawing-rooms this drapery is divided perpendicularly at ſmall intervals, by gold bars, which produce a fine effect. The bed room uſed both by her and Bonaparte contains ſeveral fine pictures. It is otherwiſe quite plain, as is likewiſe her dreſſing-room, which is nicely wainſcotted, and is the

apartment which the queen of France employed for the ſame purpoſe. I have been informed that Madame Bonaparte there makes uſe of that ill-fated queen's golden toilet; but this is falſe. I ſaw nothing coſtly or ſplendid on her toilet table. Two ſmall neat bathing-rooms terminated a ſuite of apartments, conſiſting altogether of about ſeven or eight different rooms, which fall ſhort of the almoſt endleſs ſeries of apartments appropriated to the uſe of the Great in Ruſſia. In the antichamber are hung two large pictures by a Flemiſh painter, repreſenting ſcenes from the life in the hiſtory of Louis XIV. and formerly found in the *Hotel de Condé*.

"The apartment in which the conſuls meet is the ſame in which the colours are depoſited; and the only ſtriking object it contains is a terreſtrial globe, on which their fingers are moſt probably often engaged in fixing the fate of the countries that move round with it.

"The hall of the council of ſtate, together with the little chapel cloſe to it, are neat, but contain nothing remarkable. I was much ſtruck, as well as others, that every conſul and counſellor of ſtate ſhould have a pincuſhion ſtanding before him; and it appeared no leſs extraordinary afterwards, when I diſcovered, upon nearer inquiry, that theſe pincuſhions ſerved for wafer-boxes.

"Before I leave the Thuilleries, I muſt mention, with acknowledgment, that of thoſe whom you meet with in this place, officers, ſervants, and ſentinels, all behave politely, and are prepoſſeſſingly civil in their anſwers and directions. No rudeneſs or inſolence from perſons in low ſtations, who otherwiſe compel the inquiſitive to quit ſuch places, has puniſhed me for my curioſity. Whether I appeared buttoned up in my great coat, or in my beſt ſuit, it made no alteration in the politeneſs of their behaviour. I cannot refrain from beſtowing particular praiſe on the French ſentinels. I often had occaſion to ſpeak to them, and they behaved, without exception, like well-bred men, even when they had orders to make me retire from certain places. Among other circumſtances, I remember that once, ſeeing a large printed paper ſtuck upon the wall in the antichamber of the Thuilleries, I approached in order to read it; the neareſt ſentinel ſtepped up to me and ſaid, with a good-humoured ſmile, '*Monſieur, c'eſt notre conſigne*—Sir, that is our watch-word.' Many a German would have given me the ſame intimation in a very different manner. I was, however, ſorry that I could not read the paper, eſpecially as I knew the ſubject of it, and had reaſon to think that from it an intereſting account of the meaſures for the internal ſafety of the palace might be collected.

"During my ſtay at Paris, the following lines were applied to Bonaparte by a poetic encomiaſt.

"Il eut pour ennemis le feu, la terre et l'onde:
Il en a triomphé pour le bonheur du monde.

"With regard to the latter part of theſe verſes, a poet may prophecy, but the confirmation muſt be left to the future hiſtorian; for it is to be hoped that ſuch a triumph may never be gained by petty and mean meaſures. Such I call the exceſſive reſtraint impoſed on the liberty of the preſs at Paris, and equally ſevere with that under Paul I. Dupaty, junior, wrote a pretty piece for the *Theatre Feydeau*, entitled the *Antichamber*, in which the ſatiriſt laſhes upſtarts. The piece was immediately ſuppoſed to contain bold alluſions; it was even imagined that the dreſs of one of the actors, conſiſting of a blue coat with yellow buttons, was intended to repreſent the uniform once worn by a certain man while he ſerved in the artillery. Matters were even carried ſo far, that all the clothes worn by the performers were ſent for, to be examined. Nothing could be proved againſt the author; he was, however, exiled to St. Domingo, not as a poet, but as a naval officer, for having come for a few days to Paris without leave. He informed me himſelf, that, being already embarked, he was attacked with a ſevere illneſs in the road, brought on ſhore again, and kept for a long time in confinement, till at length, in conſequence of powerful interceſſion in his behalf, this confinement was deemed a ſufficient puniſhment. This amiable

young man is now at liberty, reſides at Paris, ſtudies republican precaution, and has his *Antichamber* performed under a different title.

"Another poet compoſed a ludicrous piece, in which a handſome, well-made man lands on an iſland, inhabited only by hunchbacks, who conſequently think him deformed, and laugh at him. He makes the following obſervation: 'If I ſhould once happen to get among blind people only, I ſhould have both my eyes plucked out, that I might reſemble them.' Theſe words the cenſor regarded as a ſatire againſt thoſe ſoldiers who loſt their ſight in Egypt. Another author wrote a piece entitled *Beliſarius*. The cenſor, thinking that General Moreau was alluded to in this character, forbade the repreſentation. Nobody muſt ſay, '*fermez la porte*,' (ſhut the door) for a ſhut door now implies a conſpiracy. Nor muſt the word *brigand* be uſed as it might mean perſons concerned in the adminiſtration of the ſtate. It is Nogaret, a man of ſixty-three, who plays ſuch fine tricks, *à la Tumanſkoi*. To all the remonſtrances made to him, he only replies, 'Do you wiſh me to loſe my ſituation? I have no other ſubſiſtence.'

"Should it, however, be true, that this man would run the riſk of loſing his place, if he exerciſed a leſs fooliſh rigour, the government would loſe one of the moſt powerful claims to the honorable character of liberality: and as this muſt be painful to every citizen of the world, I ſincerely wiſh that the apprehenſions teſtified by Nogaret, may only be the ſilly dotage of an old man, whoſe conduct, ſhould it reach Bonaparte's ear, would aſſuredly not receive his approbation. But even in this caſe, it is extremely oppreſſive to literature and the arts, that they ſhould be ſubject to the caprices of ſuch a ſuperannuated cenſor. An author like myſelf, who has the felicity to live under one of the moſt liberal, and conſequently one of the moſt ſolid governments of Europe, muſt naturally feel, with two-fold aggravation, what is ſo revolting in this ſyſtem of oppreſſion; and I gladly conſole myſelf in the enjoyment of genuine liberty, emanating from the throne, for the petty troubles which ſometimes embitter my profeſſional avocations.

"I muſt not omit, in this place, another anecdote relative to Mercier, the celebrated author of the *Tableau de Paris*, though this does not concern Nogaret, whoſe cenſorſhip extends only to the theatre. Mercier was in confinement fourteen or ſixteen months, and paſſed the melancholy hours of his impriſonment in attempting to refute Newton, in a manner often degenerating into ribaldry. He afterwards printed the reſult of his ſolitary meditations, in which the author was ſuſpected of alluding to a very different perſon. This could not be proved; but it is certain that Mercier is no longer a favourite with the government.

"The reader will do me the juſtice to admit, that in my obſervation on the Firſt Conſul, I have not overlooked the great and good qualities which he poſſeſſes, but that I dwelt on them with pleaſure. But I am far from joining the hoſt of his flatterers, and I may, therefore, be allowed to acknowledge, with equal freedom, that there are many things in his character which to me appear unaccountable, and even reprehenſible —for inſtance, his conduct to Madame de Stael, as long as he does not aſſign his reaſons for it. At the moment I am writing, I have not yet ſeen that lady, whom I only know by her ingenious works: but as a citizen of the republic of letters, which will ſurvive all other republics, I muſt ſubſcribe to the prophecy which this high ſpirited female expreſſed with equal beauty and energy: *Vous me donnez une cruelle illuſtration, je tiendrai une ligne dans votre hiſtoire*—You beſtow on me a cruel celebrity, I ſhall occupy a line in your hiſtory.

"When the Chief Conſul ſuddenly ſet out on his journey to the coaſt, nobody knew any thing of his intention until a few hours previous to his departure. He is even ſaid to have ſent papers to the miniſters the ſame morning, requeſting they would make a report upon them the following day. He briefly informed two of his adjutants that they were to attend him on his journey, aſking them whether they required much time to prepare for it. Conceiving that he would allow them at leaſt a few days, they replied

in the negative. 'Well,' ſaid Bonaparte, 'then take your ſwords and hats.' In fact, directions had juſt been given to put the horſes to the carriage, and the courier, who was to order the relays, had ſet off only a quarter of an hour before.

"This active man cannot conceive, nor endure, that any perſon ſhould be ill; a trait of character which he poſſeſſes in common with Paul I. On this account, all his retinue provide a ſtock of medicines when they attend him on a journey, as they would otherwiſe not have time to procure any.

"He entertains a great regard for the poet Lemercier, author of the tragedy of Agamemnon, which was much diſliked at Paris, and the performance of which had been dropped. To give it popularity among the Pariſians, he is ſaid to have ordered it to be repreſented at St. Cloud; in conſequence of which the performers of the *Theatre François* would likewiſe be compelled to give the ſame piece in the capital. This play really contains many diſtorted beauties and faſcinating horrors. Bonaparte himſelf gave the poet a very juſt criticiſm upon it. 'Your Clytemneſtra,' ſaid he, 'is a weak woman, and yet you make her perform a bold deed, without any other inducement than the ſlight perſuaſion of Ægyſthus, in one ſingle ſcene. Are you not ſenſible that this woman, while ſhe is entering the bed-chamber of her huſband, muſt relinquiſh the murderous purpoſe before ſhe reaches his bed?'

"I think proper here to cloſe my brief remarks upon this great man. Indeed, were I willing and able to communicate all that has been related to me concerning him, it would make a volume, probably not one of the moſt authentic, but yet not deſtitute of intereſt. Declining, however, to involve myſelf in political arguments and reveries, ſince it is premature to form a judgment of Bonaparte as a ruler till tranquillity ſhall be completely reſtored; and as the deſcriptions given of his private character are but too often contradictory, it becomes a duty in me to avoid hazarding any conjectures, but to reſerve the pen for the future hiſtorian, for whom time is daily preparing new materials.

"After being preſented to the Firſt Conſul, the introduction to the ſecond and third Conſuls is attended with but few formalities. The miniſter of the country to which you belong fixes on one of the days on which the two Conſuls give dinners; theſe are Tueſday and Saturday. After dinner, that is, about nine o'clock at night, the carriage is ordered to their reſpective reſidences. They, likewiſe, have conſular guards in their court-yards and corridors, not conſiſting of a few ſentinels, but a conſtant guard under the command of an officer, which regularly does duty at their reſidence. Their apartments are very ſpacious, but are without any ſuperb ornaments. Some Gobelin tapeſtry is the only coſtly article to be ſeen in them. Within the door of the hall for company, ſtands an officer of the houſehold, or valet, to whom every perſon, upon his arrival, gives his name, which is announced, with a loud voice, the moment the ſtranger enters. This cuſtom is very convenient, in one reſpect, to the company aſſembled; but it cannot be denied that it muſt cauſe ſome embarraſſment to the ſtranger, if his name be not entirely unknown, as the eyes of all are immediately directed towards him. The Conſul, who uſually ſtands before the fire-place, proceeds ſeveral, or but a few ſteps, or does not move at all, to meet the ſtranger as he enters, according to his rank, merit, &c. returns his bow very politely, ſpeaks, or is ſilent; after which the perſon newly introduced joins the circle, which is generally very numerous.

"Cambaceres has two cavaliers belonging to his court, dreſſed in black, who do the honours, and are particularly attentive. If a lady enters, they run to meet and conduct her to the Conſul, to whom ſhe pays her reſpects, and is then handed by the cavalier to a chair. Gentlemen are likewiſe received by theſe perſons, who uſually receive them with—*Approchez vous du feu, Monſieur*—'Draw near the fire, Sir:'—the uſual Pariſian winter formality for commencing a converſation. At preſent one of theſe keyleſs chamberlains is *Aigrefeuille*, a man who has obtained conſiderable celebrity by the dedication to him of the Epicure's Alma-

ſnack. It is ſaid that he juſtly merits this diſtinction, though he modeſtly declined it. For my part, I muſt confeſs, that if the ſecond Conſul's kitchen is ſuperintended by him, I ſhall myſelf feel tempted to compoſe an eulogy of him; for, out of ſeventy or eighty diſhes, to taſte at leaſt one half of which I had ſummoned all my powers, there was not one which Lucullus or Apicius would have diſdained. The French mode of cookery is certainly the firſt in the world. The Conſul himſelf helps to many diſhes, pours out a variety of wines and *liqueurs*, and very politely aſks his gueſts if they chuſe any. Notwithſtanding the great abundance of viands, very few diſhes are of ſuch a nature as to allow all the gueſts to partake of them; but ſuppoſing a difference of taſte, the principal diſhes only are carried about by the ſervants; the reſt remain ſtationary, and the perſon before whom a diſh ſtands, helps thoſe who wiſh for ſome of it. I think it much better that ſo many different ſorts of wine are not given as with us, for inſtance, at Berlin, where every perſon, by the time dinner is over, generally has ten or twelve glaſſes placed before him. Here you have only two kinds of table wine, as many of deſſert wine, and no champagne. The ſervice of the table is performed very expeditiouſly, nay, almoſt too expeditiouſly. Whoever wiſhes to try the two extremes in this reſpect, let him dine at the Firſt Conſul's one day, and at a good private houſe at Berlin on another. With the former he will not find time to eat enough; but at the latter he will have leiſure to digeſt twice and begin again. In houſes of this deſcription, people think that a meal is incomplete, and does no honour to the hoſt, if the gueſts do not grow tired of ſitting. At the ſecond Conſul's it would prove the more inconvenient to be obliged to ſit long; for the gueſts are placed ſo cloſe together, on ſmall ſtraw-bottomed chairs, that they are barely able to move their hands and arms. I like the German proverb, 'Half a meal and a good one.' My palate does not reliſh dainties, where I am every moment in danger of ſtriking againſt other people's ribs, or receiving their blows on mine; and, to complete the misfortune, ſhould you happen to ſit near a perſon difficult to be entertained, you pay dearly for the daintineſs of your fare. This was ſeldom my caſe; but I recollect, with pleaſure, a dinner at Cambaceres', where my neighbour, General Cæſar Berthier, by a very lively narrative of the taking of Tobago by the Engliſh, made me forget both the narrow ſtools and the delicacy of the diſhes. A cuſtom which pleaſed me, and which I recollect to have met with only in this houſe, is that ices are not ſerved till after the coffee. The company uſually conſiſts of thirty or forty perſons; of the females, many are the wives of generals, and among all theſe ladies there was not one whoſe age exceeded twenty-eight years. After the cloth is removed, a great number of viſitors drop in, and you have an opportunity of making very intereſting acquaintances. I here met with the circumnavigator Bougainville, who ſeems determined to try how old a man can grow, without loſing any part of his vivacity and amiable qualities. I likewiſe ſaw Barbé Marbois, the ingenious companion of Barthelemy, on his voyage of tranſportation to Cayenne; Portalis, the enlightened and upright chief of the eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments; the old ſilver-haired Guillotin, undeſervedly abuſed for the invention of the guillotine, in the promulgation of which he was actuated only by pure philanthropy. It has often been ſaid, that he himſelf fell a victim of his inſtrument; but he is ſtill in very good health, and has never been in any danger of meeting with ſuch a fate.

"If the Conſul Le Brun does not give ſuch dainty entertainments, he at leaſt provides more convenient ſeats. He is a man of very gentle manners and inſinuating addreſs; he is more talkative and affable than Cambaceres, and diſregards ceremony; for he keeps no guards. On the other hand, he is advantageouſly known in the literary world as the tranſlator of Taſſo, and his converſation is that of the accompliſhed gentleman and profound ſcholar. At his houſe I met with La Grange, who

formerly reſided at Berlin, is now a counſellor of ſtate, and married to a moſt amiable lady. I remember, with pleaſure, the hours I ſpent at his houſe.

"The Conſul Le Brun ſeems to be more generally beloved than his colleague; the latter is reproached, whether juſtly or unjuſtly I cannot ſay, with being proud—perhaps it is only his external appearance which has drawn upon him this cenſure; he is ſaid never to ride out without being ſurrounded by guards on horſeback, who ſometimes behave rather rudely to foot paſſengers; it is likewiſe reported that he is fond of calling Bonaparte his colleague."

We ſhall only add the *third* letter, which illuſtrates the character of Frenchmen.

"'I lately mentioned to you, my dear lady, the portrait of Jeſus Chriſt, which may be had for one ſous on the Boulevards; to-day I will make you acquainted with a ſimilar ſpeculation. Look at that ſheet of paper, decorated with large wooden cuts, and printed only on one ſide; it contains, notwithſtanding, nothing leſs than the 'Lives and Manners of the Nations of Europe: *Vies et Mœurs des Nations de l'Europe,*' ſays the ſuperſcription. For my part, being a German, and only knowing the manners of nations from thick volumes in quarto, my curioſity is naturally excited, and I read with pleaſure the quinteſſence of the judgment and prejudices of Frenchmen reſpecting themſelves and their neighbours. The following are examples:

"'In *religion*, the German is unbelieving; the Engliſhman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian very ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

"'In *keeping his word*, the German is faithful; the Engliſhman ſafe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.

"'In *giving advice*, the German is ſlow; the Engliſhman reſolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumſpect.

"'In *love*, the German does not underſtand it; the Engliſhman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.

"'In *external appearance*, the German is tall; the Engliſhman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle ſize; the Spaniard frightful.

"'In *dreſs*, the German is ſhabby; the Engliſhman ſuperb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.

"'In *manners*, the German is clowniſh; the Engliſhman barbarous; the Frenchman eaſy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

"'In *keeping a ſecret*, the German forgets what he has been told; the Engliſhman conceals what he ſhould divulge, and divulges what he ſhould conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is very myſterious.

"'In *vanity*, the German boaſts little; the Engliſhman deſpiſes all; the Frenchman praiſes every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.

"'In *eating and drinking*, the German is a drunkard; the Engliſhman a lover of ſweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.

"'In *offending and doing good*, the German does neither good nor bad; the Engliſhman does both without reaſon; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both reſpects.

"'In *ſpeaking*, the German ſpeaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman ſpeaks and writes well; the Engliſhman ſpeaks badly, but writes well alſo; the Italian ſpeaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard ſpeaks little, writes little, but well.

"'In *addreſs*, the German looks like a blockhead; the Engliſhman reſembles neither a fool nor a wiſe man; the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverſe.

"'In *laws*, the German laws are indifferent; the Engliſhman has bad laws, but obſerves them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but obſerves them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former obſerves them negligently, the latter rigidly.

"'*Servants* are companions in Germany; ſlaves in England; maſters in France; reſpectful in Italy; ſubmiſſive in Spain.

"'*Diſeaſes*—the Germans are particularly infeſted with fleas; the Engliſh with whitlows; the French with the ſmall-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with wens.

"'The *women* are houſewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; ſlaves in Spain.

"'In *courage*, the German reſembles a bear; the Engliſhman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

"'In *the ſciences*, the German is a pedant; the Engliſhman a philoſopher; the Frenchman has a ſmattering of every thing: the Italian is a profeſſor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.

"'*Magnificence*—In Germany the princes; in England the ſhips; in France the court; In Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.

"'*Huſbands* (make the concluſion), in Germany they are maſters; in England ſervants; in France companions; in Italy ſchoolboys; and in Spain tyrants.'

"I will readily grant you, my dear Madam, that one third of theſe ſingular characteriſtics is untrue, and ſometimes abſurd, but the other two thirds I could vouch to be true. With regard to us Germans, we have the leaſt reaſon to complain of the painter; if he had but omitted the horrid libel that we do not underſtand how to love, and that among us huſbands are maſters, we might then be well ſatisfied with him.

"Now let us, if you pleaſe, walk further up this library ſuſpended by threads; it borders on another of *muſical productions*, which is followed by a third, conſiſting of pictures: among the muſicals, you find all the new ariettas, duets, &c. from the moſt popular French and Italian operas: among the pictures, a repreſentation of every thing that is moſt intereſting to the Pariſians; for example, *Fanchon the lute girl*; the fine drum-major of the conſular guard, with his enchanting whiſkers; the Firſt Conſul's ſuperbly dreſſed Mameluke, and of courſe the Firſt Conſul himſelf, in a thouſand different attitudes, eſpecially with his drawn ſword in his hand, replanting the *croſs*, Faith preſenting him with a palm branch, and the other two Conſuls by his ſide; or the beautiful Madame Recamier, with her face half veiled.

"Plenty of caricatures are likewiſe to be met with here, and the king of England is at preſent the general mark at which the French direct the ſhafts of their ſatire, for which they are, however, not only more abundantly, but even more wittily, requited by their tranſmarine neighbours; for it muſt be confeſſed, that among twenty French caricatures, there is ſcarcely one that has any claim to wit. Here you ſee the king between his good and evil genius, throwing himſelf into the hands of the latter: there an Engliſhman riding upon a Calcutta turkey: on the pommel of the ſaddle are wine hampers with bottles, and below is written 'the attack.' The companion to this print is the *defeat*, where the ſame Engliſhman is ſeen flying on a fleet ſtag, loſing his hat and tobacco pipe. Here the Duke of C—mbr—dge is driving the Hanoverian poſt-waggon, and behind it is a caſk, on which is written *Hanoverian blood*; there an army of frogs, whoſe general wears Britiſh regimentals, and rides on a lobſter, while a Frenchman takes up one frog after the other, and cuts them in two with his broad ſabre. Sometimes the caricature makers place an illuſtrious perſonage in the flames of hell, while the devils trim the fire round him, and below is inſcribed, *We have got him at laſt*. At other times, an elephant is laying hold of the king's cup, and daſhing it with his trunk into a well; on the cup is to be read this inſcription, *Thou muſt go to pieces after all*.

"In ſome of theſe wretched productions, Mr. Pitt is repreſented riding on his m—j—ſty's back, on the ſea ſhore, peeping at the French ſhips in the offing; here the ſovereign leaps over the channel, and in his jump loſes his crown; there he picks up a number of paper caſes, on which the names of his dominions are written, but unable to hold them all, he lets ſome of them fall. Hanover

is already on the ground, Ireland juſt tumbling, and Malta appears very looſe. Here the Engliſh are ſeen flying before a cloud of duſt, raiſed by a flock of ſheep; and there Mr. Pitt exerciſing his troops, all of whom have pigs heads. The caricature which may perhaps be called the wittieſt, is the following: a maker of truſſes for ruptures preſents the king with a new truſs, on which is written, *obſervation des traités*—the obſervance of treaties. At his majeſty's feet lie two broken bandages, one bearing the inſcription *forces navales*, or naval forces; the other *levée en maſſe*, raiſing in a maſs. Thus you ſee that politics are the axis round which every thing turns. A few of theſe diſtorted figures only attack the manners of the Engliſh; ſuch as, for inſtance, the *Engliſh family in Paris*, where a huge, clumſy Engliſhman, ſtuffed with roaſt beef, leads two ſtiff miſſes by the arm, who make a very awkward courteſy, &c. &c.

"Hence it appears, upon the whole, that no doubt is entertained as to the ſucceſs of a deſcent upon England; and if you will not credit the printſellers, you may beſtow your belief on that fellow, who, ſurrounded by hundreds of hearers, is ſinging a ballad, deſcribing to a tittle all the occurrences of the *future landing*. If you wiſh to hear his vain, bombaſtic prophecies, permit me, in the mean time, to go to that ſtatuary's barred yard, which is ſo full of buſts and ſtatues, of marble or ſtone, good and bad, that there is ſcarcely a narrow winding foot-path left to the artiſt's door; nor am I aſhamed to ſtop before this ſhop with children's play-things, where Fanchon, the lute player, again performs a diſtinguiſhed part, and where I obſerve a circumſtance which is quite a riddle to me—viz. that the French, who are ſo fond of toys, are far behind the people of Nuremberg in inventing and fabricating children's toys, and the Nurembergers again are perhaps as much excelled by the people of Berlin.

"If you are by this time tired of the ſqualling of the ballad ſinger, we will ſaunter about the garden of the Capuchins, where there are tigers and monkeys, where Franconi exhibits his equeſtrian feats, where the ſpirits appear at night, and where, in a word, a thouſand different ſpectacles are to be gazed at from morning till night. Here ſtands for a moment a portable booth, hung with old carpet, in which my dear Punchinello is very amiably fighting with the devil. Two hocus-pocus men attract crowds on both ſides; one by *cups*, the other by tricks with *cards*. A much greater concourſe of people gathers round a man whoſe whole apparatus conſiſts of a chafing-diſh full of glowing charcoal, and about half a dozen ſmall pieces of aſbeſtos. He begins with an impreſſive account of the expedition to Egypt, whilſt his neighbour repreſents at the ſame time in his ſhow-box, to thoſe who like to ſee it, what heroic exploits were achieved by his aſſiſtance in that country againſt Mamelukes and crocodiles, and how he once ſtripped one of the ſlain men of his ſhirt, and found that it did not conſiſt of linen, as uſual, but of a foſſil fabricated into cloth, which the Egyptians uſe for the ſake of convenience, as they need not waſh or dry their ſhirts, but only throw them into the fire in the evening, and take them out again in the morning, as white as ſnow.

"In order to impreſs on the minds of his hearers a conviction of the truth of what he ſays, he ſeizes one of the needles, to which he has faſtened a ſmall bit of aſbeſtos, and turns it round in the mud till the original colour cannot be diſtinguiſhed; he then throws it into the chafing-diſh, and while it is glowing continues to harangue his audience for a few minutes longer, when he draws it out of the fire, and to the great aſtoniſhment of all the ſpectators, quite purified by the fiery element.

"One of my neighbours, who ſeemed to be a wit, compared his whole proceſs to the French revolution, which likewiſe aroſe pure, new, and brilliant, out of the glowing fire. I wiſh with all my heart, that nobody could diſpute the truth of this aſſertion."

The two other volumes will afford ſelections equally entertaining, for another number of our Miſcellany.

XCII. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *Author of Pamela, Clariſſa, and Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſelected from the original Manuſcripts, bequeathed by him to his Family. To which is prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Obſervations on his Writings. By* ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. *In Six Volumes. Vol. III. Phillips. 21. 5s. in boards.*

[*Continued from page* 486.]

HAVING given ample extracts from the two former volumes of this entertaining work, the remaining ſhall be ſoon diſpatched.

From the *third* volume we ſelect a Letter by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticiſm.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"Turrick, Jan. 15, 1755.

"Many, many new years, my dear Mr. Richardſon, to you, to Mrs. Richardſon, and to all your family! and many thanks to you for alleviating the ſolitarineſs of my winter retirement by your kind correſpondence! But what beſide my thanks can I return you, from a place where I neither hear nor ſee any thing new to entertain either myſelf or others? My friends in town do not enough conſider, how hungry a countryman is after what paſſes in the great metropolis, eſpecially if he has ſpent a great part of his life there, and ſtill has any connexions in it.

"I am extremely concerned to hear you complain of being got into a dozing way. Guard, I beg of you, guard againſt it as much as poſſible; get into company abroad, or have ſome at home every evening. How many circles are there of your acquaintance whom you would thus make happy, whom you would enliven and inſtruct by your converſation, and who would be glad to wait upon you when you cannot come to them! If nothing elſe will do, you muſt abate of your laudable cuſtom of early riſing, and get as much ſleep as you can abed.

"As to Miſs Sutton's queſtion, I muſt own I have written no ſonnets ſince I ſaw you, nor indeed have I had any impulſe that way. Whether the vein is exhauſted, or whether it is checked by that froſt which you know happened laſt ſummer, I cannot tell; but I believe I have done with poetry.

"How good is Miſs Mulſo, too, in remembering me ſometimes! I beg you to return the compliment with my beſt thanks to her, and to all your daughters, natural and adopted, who gave me the honour of their notice: it is to your friendſhip that I owe the favour of ſo many deſerving ladies.

"You have a very juſt idea of St. John's works, and, I imagine too, of the cauſe of his writing. As far as I have ſeen, and I read at Ember, the laſt volume, which contains his eſſays, there is nothing in his objections but what has been publiſhed and anſwered over and over; and I think in ſeveral places he contradicts himſelf. I know not whether his ſyſtem may be more properly called deiſtical, or atheiſtical; ſince, though in words he allows a God, he ſeems to make him ſuch a one as Epicurus did; and to think that we are beneath his notice, and have very little or nothing to do with him. He laughs at all notions of revelation, or a particular providence, and reckons the preſent life the whole of man's exiſtence.

"Theſe eſſays, by the way, afford us abundant and irrefragable proof, that the plan of the Eſſay on Man was St. John's, and not Pope's; and that however Mr. W—has tinkered it, and by his forced interpretations tortured it into orthodoxy, it was originally founded on fataliſm and deiſm. You have here the whole ſcheme, the thoughts, and in many places the very words of the poem; and a more conſiſtent ſcheme it is here, than it appears there, after the poet and the parſon had laid their heads together to diſguiſe and make it paſs for a chriſtian ſyſtem.

"I wiſh I had the book by me to compare it at leiſure with the poem. I am ſure, a better proſe ſcheme of it might be extracted from thence than Pope has prefixed to his work. After all, if this is true, as I doubt not, what a man was Pope, to tell us in his preface that he wrote it in verſe becauſe he could expreſs *his* thoughts more clearly that way, and afterwards to tell Warburton that *he* underſtood *his* (Pope's) ſcheme better than *he himſelf* did! which were impoſſible, if it were indeed *his own*. And what a man is the note-writer, to defend, and by alterations of the text and forced explications to put

off on the world as an orthodox, I mean a chriſtian, ſyſtem, a piece that really aims at the vitals of religion, by diſcountenancing the belief of providence and a future ſtate! And yet this very work is the foundation of all his favour with Pope, which was the occaſion of all his greatneſs. Pardon my warmth,—but I do not like diſhoneſty. However, I have done, and return to your letter.

" 'That Pamela and Clariſſa have again obtained the *honour* of my peruſal,' do you ſay, my dear Mr. Richardſon? I aſſure you I think it an *honour* to be able to ſay that I have read, and as long as I have eyes will read, all your three moſt excellent pieces at leaſt once a year; and that I am capable of doing it with increaſing pleaſure, which is perpetually doubled by the reflexion, that this good man, this charming author, is *my friend!* Your works are an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment and inſtruction. I have been this day weeping over the ſeventh volume of Clariſſa, as if I had attended her dying bed, and aſſiſted at her funeral proceſſion. O may my latter end be like hers! Adieu, my dear friend!

" Your moſt affectionate,
" and obliged,
" T. EDWARDS."

It would be unpardonable not to give the following letters of the wife of the celebrated Klopſtock, however melancholy the concluſion, for ſhe died in child-bed

" To MR. RICHARDSON.

" Hamburg, May 6, 1758.

" It is not poſſible, Sir, to tell you what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to eſteem the favour that you, my dear Mr. Richardſon, in your venerable age, are ſo condeſcending good, to anſwer ſo ſoon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendſhip—and of all thoſe ſentiments which a reaſonable ſoul muſt feel for Richardſon, though at ſo many miles of diſtance. It is a great joyful thought, that friendſhip can extend herſelf ſo far, and that friendſhip has no need of *ſeeing*, though this ſeeing would be celeſtial joy to hearts like ours, (ſhall I be ſo proud to ſay as *ours?*) and what will it be, when ſo many really good ſouls, knowing or not knowing in this world, will ſee another in the future, and be *then* friends!

" It will be a delightful occupation for me, to make you more acquainted with my huſband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the perſon who knows the moſt of that which is not yet publiſhed; being always preſent at the birth of the young verſes, which begin always by fragments here and there, of a ſubject of which his ſoul is juſt then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that perſons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the ſame. I, with my little work, ſtill, ſtill, only regarding ſometimes my huſband's ſweet face, which is ſo venerable at that time! with tears of devotion and all the ſublimity of the ſubject. My huſband reading me his young verſes and ſuffering my criticiſms. Ten books are publiſhed, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as ſoon as I can, tranſlate you the arguments of theſe ten books, and what beſides I think of them. The verſes of the poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters, which ſort of verſes my huſband has been the firſt to introduce in our language; we being ſtill cloſely attached to rhymes and iambics.

" I ſuſpect the gentleman who has made you acquainted with the Meſſiah, is a certain Mr. Kaiſer, of Göttingen, who has told me at his return from England what he has done; and he has a ſiſter like her whom you deſcribe in your firſt letter.

" And our dear Dr. Young has been ſo ill? But he is better, I thank God along with you. Oh that his dear inſtructive life may be extended!—if it is not againſt his own wiſhes. I read lately in the newſpapers, that Dr. Young was made Biſhop of Briſtol; I muſt think it is another Young. How could the King make him *only* Biſhop! and Biſhop of *Briſtol* while the place of *Canterbury* is vacant! I think the King knows not at all that there is a Young who illuſtrates his reign.

" And you, my dear, dear friend, have not hope of cure of a ſevere nervous malady? How I trembled as I read it! I pray to God to give

you at the leaſt patience and alleviation. I thank you heartily for the cautions you gave me and my dear Klopſtock on this occaſion. Though I can read very well your hand-writing, you ſhall write no more if it is incommodious to you. Be ſo good to dictate only to Mrs. Patty; it will be very agreeable to me to have ſo amiable a correſpondent. And then I will, ſtill more than now, preſerve the two of your own hand-writing as treaſures.

"I am very glad, Sir, that you will take my Engliſh as it is. I knew very well that it may not always be Engliſh, but I thought for *you* it was intelligible: my huſband aſked, as I was writing my firſt letter, if I would not write French? No, ſaid I, I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardſon (though ſo polite, ſo cultivated, and no longer *fade* in the mouth of a Boſſuet). As far as I know, neither we, nor you, nor the Italians have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteriſtic word for their nation? Our German tongue, which only begins to be cultivated, has much more conformity with the Engliſh than the French.

"I wiſh, Sir, I could fulfil your requeſt of bringing you acquainted with ſo many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have however much to pardon, except in the ſingle Klopſtock alone. *He* is good, really good, good at the bottom, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and ſometimes I think if we knew others in the ſame manner, the better we ſhould find them. For it may be that an action diſpleaſes us which would pleaſe us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is *ſo* happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did. They have married,—as people marry; and they are happy,—as people are happy. Only one as I may ſay, my deareſt friend, is unhappy, though ſhe had as good a purpoſe as I myſelf. She has married in my abſence: but had I been preſent, I might, it may be, have been miſtaken in her huſband, as well as ſhe.

"How long a letter this is again! But I can write no ſhort ones to you. Compliments of my huſbands, and compliments to all yours, always, even though I ſhould not ſay it.

"M. KLOPSTOCK."

"To MR. RICHARDSON.

"Hamburg, Aug. 26, 1758.

"Why think you, Sir, that I anſwer ſo late? I will tell you my reaſons.—But before all, how does Miſs Patty and how do yourſelf? Have not you gueſſed that I, ſumming up all my happineſſes, and not ſpeaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wiſh ungratified for theſe four years. I have been more than once unhappy with diſappointments: but yet, thanks, thanks to God! I am in full hope to be mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child and child-bed (and they are ſo dear to me!) have taken ſo much time, that I could not anſwer your letter, nor give you the promiſed ſcenes of the Meſſiah. This is likewiſe the reaſon wherefore I am ſtill here, for properly we dwell in Copenhagen. Our ſtaying here is only a viſit (but a long one) which we pay my family. I not being able to travel yet, my huſband has been obliged to make a little voyage alone to Copenhagen. He is yet abſent—a cloud over my happineſs! He will ſoon return.—But what does that help? he is yet equally abſent! We write to each other every poſt.—But what are letters to preſence?—But I will ſpeak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happineſs! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A ſon of my dear Klopſtock! Oh, when ſhall I have him!—It is long ſince that I have made the remark, that geniuſes do not engender geniuſes. No children at all, bad ſons, or, at the moſt, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter, or a ſon, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheleſs love dearly.

"I think that about this time a nephew of mine will wait on you. His name is *von Winthem*, a young rich merchant, who has no bad qualities, and ſeveral good, which he has ſtill to cultivate. His mother was, I think, twenty years older than I, but we other children loved her dearly like a mother. She had an excellent character, but is long dead.

"This is no letter, but only a newſpaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my huſband and my child, I will write you more (if God gives me health and life). You will think that I ſhall not be a mother only, but a nurſe alſo; though the latter (thank God! that the former is not ſo too) is quite againſt faſhion and good-breeding, and though nobody can think it *poſſible* to be always with the child at home!

"M. KLOPSTOCK."

VOL. IV.

From volume the fourth take two letters, one by Mrs. and the other by Mr. Sheridan.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON,

"Dec. 18th, 1757.

"Dear Sir,

"I did not expect my ſtay here would have been quite ſo long, and was in hopes, before this time, to have ſaluted you in Saliſbury-court; but as I cannot tell when I ſhall have that pleaſure, I would no longer defer paying my reſpects to you even in this cold and diſtant manner, very, very unequal to the wiſhes of my heart.

"Mr. Sheridan is up to the ears in ink; he is preparing another courſe of Lectures, compiling an Engliſh Grammar, and writing ſomething on the manner of reading the Liturgy. All this, together with inſtructing his boys, fully employ his time, ſo that he hardly ever allows himſelf a walk. For my part, I have taken up my reſidence in the chimney corner, and ſhould loſe the uſe of my ſpeech, if I did not find pretty conſtant employment for it with my little ones, for I ſcarce ever ſee a mortal beſides.

"Pray, dear Sir, how does this (to me) uncommonly ſevere weather agree with you and my good Miſs Richardſon? I conſider you two as the only invalids of the family, and am the more ſolicitous about you. I wiſh I could hear that you had put a deſign you mentioned to me into act; viz. of getting a carriage to roll about, which, in defiance of froſt, ſhould give your blood ſomething a briſker circulation than your ſtudy can afford it. The want of ſuch a convenience has put Mr. Sheridan and me upon trying the experiment recommended lately in one of the papers, by Dr. Lob; and we have erected, in our parlour, his machine for muſcular exerciſe. Mr. Sheridan finds it a tolerable ſucceedaneum for riding; but I am aſhamed to own myſelf ſo lazy as not to be reconciled to it, only for the ſmall objection of its being tireſome, without being pleaſant.

"I have ſeen ſome extracts from the Hiſtory of the Magdalens, which gives me a curioſity to read the whole. Mr. Sheridan begs that his ſincere reſpects and beſt wiſhes may be accepted by you, Mrs. Richardſon, and the young ladies, which pray join with thoſe of my beloved.

"Sir, your ever obliged

"and moſt obedient ſervant,

"FRA. SHERIDAN.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"March 16, 1758.

"Let not my much honoured, much eſteemed Mr. Richardſon, ſuppoſe that my long ſilence has been owing to neglect, or to a want of ſetting a juſt value on a correſpondence ſo kindly offered on his part, and which I ſhould have eſteemed as the greateſt honour ever conferred on me. No, my good Sir, you are to conſider me as an unfortunate man, taken priſoner by the Turks in my voyage, and ever ſince chained to an oar. Indeed the Goths and Vandals of this age have treated me with more than Turkiſh barbarity, and have kept me in as deplorable a ſtate of ſlavery. Since my arrival in Ireland I have been ſo ſurrounded with difficulties, ſo involved in a variety of the moſt diſagreeable and perplexing buſineſs, that I could find no moments for the comforts and enjoyments of life. Amongſt many others, I found myſelf obliged to give up what I had fondly conſidered at our parting as a ſource of the higheſt pleaſure this world could afford, I mean a correſpondence with the beſt man and the greateſt genius of the age. I think you know me too well to ſuſpect me of flattery: indeed I ſpeak to you the honeſt ſentiments of my ſoul. When I was driven from my native country by a moſt unparalleled act of cruelty and injuſtice, I made it a matter of conſolation to me, that by ſome lucky chance I might have the happineſs of being admitted into the acquaintance of the wonderful author of Clariſſa and Sir Charles Grandiſon. I was not deceived in my hopes. Your

benovolence and condeſcenſion, in your many acts of kindneſs to me and mine during my ſtay in England, filled my heart with the warmeſt gratitude; and the days which I paſſed with Mr. Richardſon ſhall, in the calendar of my life, be marked with the whiteſt lines. Nothing grieved me ſo much at leaving England, as the impoſſibility of enjoying any more thoſe happy hours.—However, your condeſcending offer of converſing with me ſometimes by letter, alleviated the regret with which I left London, and the thoughts of that ſhortened the road to Cheſter; but how have I been diſappointed; I never found myſelf ſufficiently diſengaged to attempt writing to you; and I could no more think of appearing before you whilſt my mind was diſturbed, than I could of going into the royal preſence *en deſhabillé*. When I tell you that, beſides two laborious employments, ſufficient to try the ſtrength of the moſt active ſpirit and robuſt conſtitution, (which mine, alas! is not), I have had to encounter all the difficulties that the moſt malevolent ſpirit of a wicked faction, and the malice of unprovoked, and therefore unforgiving enemies, could throw in my way; when at the ſame time I tell you, that I have conſtantly met with the baſeſt ingratitude from thoſe whom I moſt obliged, and nothing but treachery from thoſe in whom I moſt confided, you will eaſily believe that I have not found one lucid interval from trouble ſince my arrival in this kingdom. At this very juncture I have more buſineſs upon my hands than ever; but as I now deſcry land, after a tedious and boiſterous voyage, the ſight of it has given a freſh ſupply of ſpirits, and renewal of ſtrength, to make a vigorous puſh to get into harbour. Nor do I now ſit down, by the way of beginning a correſpondence ſo long and ſo ardently deſired by me, (for I ſhall never think myſelf fit to enter upon it with an embarraſſed mind), but to requeſt your aſſiſtance, as a good and public ſpirited man, towards carrying a deſign into execution that may be immediately productive of the beſt effects to this unhappy country, and in its conſequences to Great Britain. The papers which I encloſe to you will ſhew the two points I have in view. The firſt neceſſary ſtep to my other undertaking is, to ſettle the theatre on ſuch a footing, as that it ſhall require but little of my attention. The new theatre has been built in oppoſition to me upon party principles; and if there be not a ſtop put to it, it will prove a perpetual nurſe of feuds and diviſions in this unhappy city. They ſay that Kings have long hands: I am ſure corruption has. The great ſpreaders of corruption are not content with the plenteous harveſt which they reap in England: they are ſowing the ſeeds of it here, and in all the Britiſh colonies. It is amazing to think how warmly ſome men of high ſtation in London have intereſted themſelves in raiſing and ſupporting this new theatre, merely to keep up a factious ſpirit: they have written many letters, with their own hands, to perſons in power here, in favour of the undertaking. There have not been wanting alſo ſome good men of high rank, who have written to others in my favour. My Lord Primate is my faſt friend; the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons is inclined to ſerve me, but I have not as yet ſuch a weight of intereſt with him, as to be ſure of his ſtrenuous endeavours in my cauſe. Now, my good Mr. Richardſon, I think it is in your power effectually to ſecure him to me, and conſequently to enſure ſucceſs. When he was laſt in England, he received ſuch civilities from the great and worthy Speaker of the Engliſh Houſe of Commons, that three lines from him to Mr. Ponſonby would make him exert his utmoſt influence. A recommendation from Mr. Richardſon, of ſo good a cauſe, cannot fail of ſucceſs with ſo good a man as the Speaker. Indeed the conteſt is whether virtue or vice, liberty or licentiouſneſs, ſhall hereafter bear ſway in this town. This conſideration alone will determine you what part to take; and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing of my own intereſts, or any particular obligation which might be conferred on me: If what I have requeſted be a proper thing for you to do, I am ſure you will do it; if not, I ſhall never deſire any other reaſon but your

not doing it, to be convinced that I ought not to have aſked it. I ſhall only obſerve, that if any thing is to be done, it ſhould be as ſpeedily as poſſible, for the Parliament is to meet on the 3d of April, and my petition will be brought in the ſecond or third day after their meeting. The ſcheme for improvement of education has met with uncommon ſucceſs, in ſpite of the moſt malicious oppoſition ever known. It is ſcarce a month ſince the ſubſcription was opened to ſupport it, and we have already upwards of two hundred names in the liſt, amongſt which there are forty-eight Members of Parliament. The proceedings of the ſociety are ſhortly to be publiſhed, and I ſhall do myſelf the pleaſure to tranſmit them to you. The good Dr. Leland is now employed in making ſome obſervations upon them, to ſilence, if poſſible, the clamour of the wicked.

"I am ever, with the greateſt eſteem, gratitude and affection,

"Your very obliged

"and faithful ſervant,

"THOMAS SHERIDAN."

VOL. V.

From volume the fifth, we give the two following Letters, which paſſed between Richardſon and Dr. Hildeſley, Biſhop of Sodor and Man.

"To the Rev. Mr. HILDESLEY.

"London, Feb. 21, 1755.

"My dear Mr. Hildeſley has, at laſt, gone through the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon. I am not a little pleaſed that he has found in it ſomething worthy of his approbation. The kind, the friendly, freedom you are ſo good as to treat that Hiſtory with, when you ſo greatly prefer that of Clariſſa to it, is an inſtance of your ſincerity, that makes me the more depend upon the praiſe you give to ſome of its parts. I believe moſt men who have written a great deal at different parts of life, and are advanced in years, ſuſpecting a failure of their faculties, are apt fondly to wiſh that their laſt publiſhed work ſhall be found equal to thoſe written in the vigour of life. Many there are who have contributed to this fondneſs in me; but, for my part. I ſubmit my own opinion of what I have written to the judgment of my readers, as I ought; glad, upon the whole, that they approve of my deſign and main end in writing the reſpective pieces; and, looking upon myſelf as the common father of the three children, delighted that one prefers the elder, another the younger, as they are ſtruck with their different features and complexions.

"You wiſh that I had touched upon the heinous ſin of ſuicide. I have avoided in one hiſtory what I have endeavoured ſtrongly to enforce in the others. In Pamela, when deſpairing of eſcape or ſuccour, ſhe was tempted to deſtroy herſelf, I have made her ſubdue herſelf by reaſonings that perhaps will be found cogent; and the pen-knife ſcene in Clariſſa, and her reſignation throughout her deep diſtreſſes, leave little to be ſaid in this laſt piece on the ſubject. In a collection of the ſentiments contained in each of the three hiſtories (now ſoon to be publiſhed in one pocket volume) it will be ſeen that there are not many of the material articles that may be of uſe for the conduct of life and manners unattended to in one or other of them; ſo that all together they complete one plan, the beſt I was able to give.

"But what thoughts muſt my dear Mr. Hildeſley have of me, who had begged his correction, when he adds, after the criticiſms he had favoured me with, 'And now, can I ever think of ſeeing your face again after this freedom?' Moſt heartily do I thank you for what you call freedom. It is true friendly kindneſs. Ah! Sir, that you had given me leave to thank you perſonally for it, when you viſited Dr. Young on Tueſday morning laſt at my own houſe, when I was under a ſlight operation, and was ready to attend you as you left it. Was you really loth to look in the face a ſuppoſed tenacious man, a conceited one too; who, aſking for your correction, expected nothing but praiſe, and would be uneaſy at your cenſure, or rather at your friendly freedom and ſincerity of heart? If, my dear Sir, you think me ſuch an one, renounce all correſpondence with me.

"I have not ſeen Fordyce's Art of Preaching.

"O! Sir! you are too much a diſqualifier of yourſelf! Think ſeriouſly, are you not blameable in this

particular? Writing too to me? Indeed, you put me out of countenance.

"Excuſe me, Sir, that I anſwered not your laſt of October the 26th. In one paſſage of it, I underſtood that you expected not to hear from me till you had peruſed the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

"In that letter, you call Sir Charles's treatment of his father's concubine more than evangelical. Does not our bleſſed Saviour's treatment of the woman taken in adultery ſhew a ſuperior inſtance of goodneſs?

"You ſtand very high in Lady Echlin's good graces; but no wonder; ſhe is an excellent woman. You are kind in telling me you will make my compliments to Lady Lambard. I conclude with the aſſurance, that I am, reverend Sir,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"and humble Servant,

"S. RICHARDSON.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"Biſhop's Court, Iſle of Mann,

"Auguſt 26, 1760.

"Worthy Sir,

"The revival of a correſpondence, ſo long dormant, may poſſibly require ſome apology, or at leaſt ſome reaſon, for it.

"The ſeeing two ſuch reſpectable names as Dr. Young's and Mr. S. Richardſon's among the ſubſcribers to Dr. Doddridge's *Family Expoſitor*, inclines me to hope that work commands ſome ſhare of your approbation and eſteem: and from the motive of that perſuaſion, I am induced to requeſt a piece of friendly trouble from you, viz. of procuring for me a ſet of the new edition of it from Mr. Rivington. It is deſigned for a preſent to an old friend and acquaintance of mine (whoſe welfare and happineſs I have much at heart) the worthy and amiable Lady Lambard, of the Vine at Sevenoaks, in Kent. Order them, if it may be, without the pictures, which, in my poor opinion, are a very needleſs ornament to a work of that ſort.

"The ſame inſuperable curioſity that ſent my pen and perſon to Saliſbury Court, prompted me alſo to ſeek the acquaintance of that ſingularly happy inſtructor, whoſe pious labours I have long reverenced and admired. I had the agreeable favour of receiving two or three letters from him, and was within a few hours of a perſonal interview with him, by his own appointment, in London, the laſt time, I believe, he was there. Bating ſome gentle hints at forms and orders, and ſome few points wherein he differs from the eſtabliſhed church of England, which his education (though greatly guarded and ſoftened by his charitable ſpirit) naturally produced from him, I cannot help thinking and ſaying I never had a more agreeable correſpondent.

"The ſix volumes of the Family Expoſitor, above referred to, contain as much matter of real edification, as any performance of the kind I have ever met with. And I ſhould be very glad (if not too troubleſome to you to uſe your pen) of receiving the pleaſure of your opinion, and of what you have heard your excellent friend of Welwin ſay of it. I dare venture to hope (though perhaps he will not allow him (Doddridge) the title of an original) that both the Doctor and you will concur with me in pronouncing him a moſt affectionately pious, and truly Chriſtian writer.

"I know not whether the diſtance of my preſent exotic ſituation, added to that of the date of my laſt letter to you, may be looked upon as a bar to my title (if I ever had any) and to my requeſt, to be retained in, or reſtored to, the roll, of thoſe you call your friends: but if you will, by any hand whatever, be pleaſed to certify me of your health, and of your accepting and excuſing the freedom I have here taken, it will be a particular ſatisfaction to him, who here ſubſcribes, with great truth,

"Dear and worthy Sir, your's, &c.

"M. SODOR AND MANN."

VOL. VI.

In the laſt volume, the letters of Lady Bradſhaigh are very pleaſing—take a few by way of ſpecimen.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"Dear Sir,

"You aſk, 'How can I find time for ſo much reading,' &c. Thoſe who are not obliged to attend to any particular buſineſs, have nothing to do but to look for time, and they are ſure to find it. But there are thoſe who ſit with their eyes ſhut, and let it paſs unobſerved, through wilfulneſs

or negligence. No wonder, ſuch do not find time.

"O, you—you—you worſe than ill natured! How could you rip up the old ſtory of traverſing the Park? How could you delight to tear the tender ſkin off an old wound that never will be quite healed? I was hurt more than you can be. My pain was in the mind, your's only bodily. Did not you forgive me? However, (behold the wax I am made of!) the latter end of this paragrapth melts and diſarms my intended anger: for the preſent only; for I ſhall find farther matter for quarrel, I foreſee.

"The firſt time my friend ſaw your picture, he aſked, 'What honeſt face have you got there?' And, without ſtaying for an anſwer, 'Do you know, I durſt truſt that man with my life, without farther knowledge of him.' I anſwered, 'I do know you might do ſo with ſafety. And I put you down for a judge of phyſiognomy.'

"As I ſit at my writing deſk, I cannot look up without viewing your picture; and I had ſome hopes the looking upon it, as I writ, might a little have reſtrained, or at leaſt kept me within bounds. I have tried the experiment, when I have been upon the edge of a ranting humour, and heard myſelf whiſper, 'What, with that ſmiling face?'—and found I was encouraged, rather than reſtrained: ſo gave you a familiar nod, and ranted on, as I do now, without fear or wit.

"I only meant to joke a little upon Dr. Young; not to be ſevere. If it has that appearance, pray let him not have it; for, he might think me very impertinent. He pretends to be ſerious upon this.

"Dec. 27.—I have, ſince I wrote to you laſt, ſtumbled into Dr. Middleton on the *Miraculous Powers*: and, in truth, I do not like him. Perhaps I do not underſtand him. But to me he appears a caviller at immaterial points. And I doubt he may do more harm by the controverſy he has occaſioned, than he can do good by endeavouring to prove many pretended miracles, to be either fabulous or the effects of prieſtcraft. But, ſeriouſly, I muſt own he has leſſened theſe antients greatly in my opinion; for, what can be ſaid in favour of their countenancing ſo many impoſitions, as it plainly appears they did? It is but making a poor compliment to Chriſtianity, to ſay it wanted ſuch groſs abuſes, to ſtrengthen and propagate it. And though, to the rational and well-judging, it ſhines the clearer, for having ſtruggled through, and ſhaken off theſe clogs of abſurdities; yet its appearing in its native excellence is not owing to thoſe through whoſe hands it was tranſmitted to us.

"You ſee, Sir, I write upon every ſubject to you, without conſidering whether proper or not: but I know, if I am wrong, you will inform me.

"Dec. 28.—I ſhould be greatly delighted to ſee the correſpondence between you and the young lady you mention. Some time or other, I hope to be favoured with it.

"I own I do not approve of great learning in women. I believe it rarely turns out to their advantage. No farther would I have them to advance, than to what would enable them to write and converſe with eaſe and propriety, and make themſelves uſeful in every ſtage of life. I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth. There is ſomething in it, to me, maſculine. I could fancy ſuch an one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle. You ſay 'the men are haſtening apace into dictionary learning.' The leſs occaſion ſtill for the ladies to proceed in theirs. I ſhould be aſhamed of having more learning than my huſband. And could we, do you think, help ſhewing a little contempt, finding ourſelves ſuperior in what the huſband ought to excel in? Very few women have ſtrength of brain equal to ſuch a trial; and as few men would forego their lordly prerogative, and ſubmit to a woman of better underſtanding, either natural or acquired. A very unconfortable life do I ſee between an ignorant huſband and a learned wife. Not that I would have it thought unneceſſary for a woman to read, to ſpell, or ſpeak Engliſh; which has been pretty much the caſe, hitherto. I often wonder we can converſe at all; much more, that we can write to be underſtood. Thanks to nature for what we have! We have, there, an advantage over your ſex. You are in the right to keep us in ignorance. You dare not let us try what we could do. In that, you ſhew your judgment; which I acknowledge to be

much ſtronger than ours, by nature; and that is all you have to boaſt of, and a little courage, which is oftener ſhewn upon a principle of falſe honour, than from an innate, true bravery.

"My employments and amuſements at this time of the year are ſo much the ſame round, though not diſagreeable to me, that they are ſcarce worth committing to paper, except as you deſire it. I riſe about ſeven, ſometimes ſooner; after my private duties I read or write till nine, then breakfaſt; work, and converſe with my company till about twelve, then, if the weather permit, walk a mile in the garden; dreſs, and read till dinner; after which, ſit and chat till four; from that to the hour of tea drinking, each day, variety of employments. You know what the men ſay, enters with the tea-table; though I will venture to declare, if mine is not an exception, it is as near one as you can imagine.

"Here books take place, which I often read to the company; and ſometimes we all have our particular ſtudies (Sir Roger always has his,) which we ſeldom forſake till the bell warns to ſupper; after which we have always ſomething to do. We eat fruit, crack nuts, perhaps jokes; now and then muſic takes place. This is our regular ſcheme, though it is often broken into, with company and variety of incidents, ſome pleaſing, ſome otherwiſe: domeſtic affairs, too, call for a ſhare of ones time. I know not what the fine ladies mean, when they complain of having too much time; for, I thank God, Barnaby Bright is not too long for me. How ſhould I be deſpiſed in the pariſh of St. James's, if they were to know, that, at this time, I glory in the humble title of a cow-doctor! But no matter, if I can do good, I can bear their contempt, and return it to them with intereſt.

"I am afraid, Sir, I have given you too much trouble about the poor Magdalen. She is only qualified to wait upon an unmarried lady, or one who has a houſe-keeper, for ſhe underſtands nothing of houſe-keeping; but, where needle-work, dreſſing, and getting up fine linen, are required, I believe ſhe would give ſatisfaction.

"I wiſh to heaven, with you, Sir, that you could, as I do, make time, or that I could give you ſome of mine. I want only power to ſend you a preſent which I would allow you to call bountiful. It ſhould be another box, a contraſt to Pandora's. Time, health, and happineſs, ſhould it contain, and theſe only as leaders to a greatar treaſure: for, in the bottom, you ſhould find a plain, though diſtant, proſpect of eternal bliſs. But, though I am poor in power, accept it in ſincereſt wiſhes from, good Mr. Richardſon,

"Your affectionate,

"And obliged humble ſervant,

"D. BRADSHAIGH."

We give alſo another.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"I congratulate you, dear Sir, upon ſurmounting the difficulty you expected to meet with, as to refuſing a challenge. The lines you ſent me, of Dr. Young's *, ought to convince you, as you have done him, that the only difficulty you can meet with is, the prevailing with yourſelf to think the difficulty is over when once you endeavour to overcome it; for, ſo it is, in fact.

"And ſo Sir Charles is the man! I make him one of my very beſt courteſies, and ſay all the handſome things that ought to be ſaid, upon being introduced to an acquaintance ſo agreeable. I ſhall be impatient to know more of him. I 'tell you what I would have done!' Dear Sir, aſk your own mind what I would have done: the dictates of that muſt be what I would have done.

"You do, at laſt, approve of what I ſay of Hickman and Orme. Very well. What a life had I to make you own you underſtand me! But the trial, you think, 'is not, Whom a lady would prefer for a converſible friend; but, Whom ſhe would chuſe for a huſband.'

"A huſband, I think, ſhould never be choſen without a view to a converſible friend (though, too often, it is very little thought of), but I believe all perſons have valuable and converſible friends that they could not think of marrying. 'You have taken it into your head, that a certain lady,'

* "What moral grandeur fills the well-wrought ſcene,
A ſword *undrawn* makes mighty Cæſar's mean.

&c. Why, Sir, you have taken the wrongeſt things in the world into your head. The lady never did balance, never kept the gentleman in ſuſpenſe, was not at all naughty; ſhe could not be perſuaded to marry, till ſhe had a mind to change her condition; the *no* was a poſitive no, for the Lord knows how long, without expecting he would wait for the change in her mind. However, the time came when ſhe did change her mind; and then the *yes* was a poſitive yes. No balancing, no ſuſpenſe, in all this; for, as ſhe was determined not to marry young, ſhe would not allow herſelf time to deliberate. You know who ſays, 'The woman that deliberates, is loſt.' And I have ſome reaſon to think it true; for I knew a grave lady who was one of thoſe who boldly declared, Nobody ſhould ever prevail with her to marry; ſhe was married to devotion, and devotion at laſt married herto a mortal man; for, looking one day into a book ſhe had been uſing, I found a leaf doubled down at a prayer, the title of which was, *For one who deliberates about marriage.* From which time I gave her up, and laughed at her reſolutions: and, indeed, in a very ſhort time, ſhe gave up herſelf. You may be ſure, ſhe had my approbation for ſo doing. You know what a friend I am to matrimony.

"But to return to your queſtion. The lady bids me tell you, the gentleman's perſon and manner were not diſagreeable to her; had they been ſo, ſhe never would have married him, however deſerving he might have been, otherwiſe: nor could ſhe have married the moſt valuable man upon earth, with a diſguſt to his perſon; though ſhe holds no more neceſſary, than not to diſlike the perſon. But her chief motive was, ſhe was pretty ſure of his affection and eſteem, and of her own for him; and, upon the whole, thought him the man ſhe could live happily with; in which ſhe was not miſtaken; and for which I thank God, for I love her equally with myſelf, and her huſband better. I am not ſure whether that is not rather too extravagant an expreſſion; nor can it be known, without ſome ſevere trial.

"I doubt, Sir, I am guilty of repetition. Something like this paragraph I have written before.

"Indeed, Sir, you make your ſex very ſad creatures, by ſaying that 'Pride and triumph are the meaning of the urgency they uſe to make a woman declare her love.' I would fain hope it is ſometimes done purely out of the lover's deſire to hear himſelf pronounced the happy man by a valuable woman he loves. The ſincere, the generous, and the grateful heart, would ſurely overflow with an humble ſenſe of the obligation, and not grow arrogant upon her indulgence: but, ſhould that be the caſe, I hope you think there are women, who, after they have been prevailed upon to declare their love, might leave themſelves power to reſent, upon occaſion, and not think that they were under any obligation to enlarge their indulgence. I know, I would never conſent to marry a man that I thought was not to be truſted with the acknowledgment of my love: but ſhe muſt be a tame fool, who would ſuffer a man, after ſuch acknowledgement, to behave as if he had made her a dependent for what he ought to own an obligation. 'A woman ſhould always leave herſelf the power of granting ſomething,' and alſo of retracting. I am by no means for an unlimited declaration, or unalterable engagement, till made ſo by the prieſt.

"I know Lovelace talks like a profligate: but he never knew the bleſſing of being ſecure of a truly virtuous woman; nor had he worth to know how to value ſuch a one. For all his wiſdom, there are lovers who can ſhew ardours after being ſecure: but, if ardour is what the ladies love, let them beware of marrying rakes.

"What I heard in diſfavour of the lady whoſe ſtory I ſent you, was, that, upon her declared diſlike to the gentleman, he deſiſted, telling her, he would be miſerable all his life rather than make her ſo a day: which generoſity in time conquered her heart, as ſhe pretended, which ſhe gave him to underſtand, and that ſhe preferred him to all the world. In a little time they were married, when ſhe took the firſt opportunity to declare ſhe hated her huſband, and only married him to be her own miſtreſs, which ſhe knew his eaſy nature and love for her would ſuffer, as I hear it ſaid; for he gave

a looſe to her extravagance, putting the moſt favourable conſtructions upon her actions, very near the moſt criminal, if not quite ſo: in ſhort, I never heard of a more unbounded generoſity and indulgence. It is ſaid, ſhe offered herſelf to elope with a certain Lord, but he rejected the offer; upon which ſhe attempted bribing a man to poiſon her huſband; and then they parted. Which of the ſtories are true I do not pretend to ſay: very likely there may be partiality on both ſides.

"A few days ago I was pleaſed with hearing a very ſenſible lady greatly pleaſed with the Rambler, No. 97 *. She happened to be in town when it was publiſhed; and I aſked if ſhe knew who was the author? She ſaid, it was ſuppoſed to be one who was concerned in the Spectators, it being much better written than any of the Ramblers. I wanted to ſay who was really the author, but durſt not, without your permiſſion.

"I had occaſion to write to the poor Magdalen lately, having got her a place, in which ſhe muſt have been happy; but, as the lady was going to make a long ſtay in Cornwall, where the poor creature was known, and had often been ſeen, ſhe declined accepting it, ſaying, ſhe had not the confidence to appear where ſhe muſt every day ſee people that would deſpiſe, perhaps inſult her. Had ſhe accepted the place, ſhould I have let the lady into her ſtory? Pray give me your opinion. I had thoughts of doing it, and yet I was afraid; for the lady is ſingle, and I fancy near ſixty. You gueſs, Sir, what I was afraid of. However, this lady is one of the moſt excellent, and I think would have inclined to the charitable ſide.

"I find I have finiſhed two ſheets, and poſitively I will not begin another, for I could not ſend it empty away.

"I am, Sir,
"your obliged and
"faithful humble ſervant,
"D. BRADSHAIGH."

We cloſe with a letter of Richardſon to this ſenſible Lady—and her anſwer.

"TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

"*April* 22, 1752.

"A ſentiment, my dear and good Lady Bradſhaigh, may not be abſolutely unexceptionable, and yet be very happily expreſſed. My meaning and my words agreed, when I wrote, that you very happily expreſſed yourſelf on the ſubject of love and fear, as applicable to a parent and a huſband.

"But you are at a loſs how to make me underſtand you as to the two ſorts of fear which you want to diſtinguiſh, the one to a parent, the other to a huſband. Awe, the word awe, is happily thought of by your Ladyſhip. 'Are we not bred up with awe to a parent? you aſk. Certainly, ſay you; and it is often created by our being ſenſible we are liable to be corrected.' So, Madam, a wife, (and who is perfect? who wants not ſome correction?) having no apprehenſion of being corrected, of being chidden, therefore, cannot fear her huſband, as when a child ſhe could a parent! You have moſt charmingly ſtrengthened my argument: I thank you, Madam. Did I not ſay, that a mixture of fear with the love was neceſſary to make an obliging wife? And do you not hint, that, if the wife had the ſame motive for it as the child had, fear of rebuke, of chaſtiſement, of correction, (by which I mean not ſtripes, you may be ſure—indulgent parents maintain not their authority by ſtripes,) the huſband might be entitled to the ſame kind of awe that the parent was; and it would be no diſcredit to the grown-up woman, the wife, to be as much afraid of offending a kind, a good huſband, as, when a child, ſhe was of offending a kind, an indulgent parent? I was not wrong, therefore, I think, when I aſked your Ladyſhip why fear ſhould mingle with your love of an indulgent parent, (for that was the parent I meant, and not the ſevere one,) and produce hatred to a huſband? You will anſwer me as above. Your Ladyſhip knows your anſwer. The wife has no apprehenſion of being corrected; if chidden, ſhe can chide again. Nor, as your Ladyſhip ſeems to have proved, was I much out of the way, when I obſerved, from what your Ladyſhip ſaid

* Written by Mr. Richardſon.

of the temper of your then lately-married friend, though I ſaid it with indignation againſt ſuch tyrant huſbands, that ſuch would be much more likely to be obſerved, than the kind, good-natured man, who made it his ſtudy to oblige his wife. Upon the whole, if your Ladyſhip will give me leave, I will aſſert, that there hardly can be love without fear—fear of offending. And I repeat, 'that I would rather be the father than the huſband of the woman who could not fear me with the ſame ſort of fear that ſhe could ſhew to a fond and indulgent parent.' Why, Madam, I can, on the ſame motives, fear my wife: but, I am not ſure, good creature, good wife, as ſhe really is, that I have ſhewn my prudence in letting her ſee my fear.

"But you ſay that the woman is under no obligation to her huſband for his love, provided ſhe loves. With all my heart, Madam; I will not make diſtinctions; I will not ſay that there is a merit in the man's love to a ſingle object, on a ſuppoſition that the law of nature diſcourages not polygamy, and that the law of God no where in his word condemns it. No, I will not; becauſe the law of his country ought to determine him. Why, why, would your Ladyſhip throw out bones for ſo ſpiteful, ſo vengeful, a man to pick? But may I not aſk, that, if the man who loves, loves for his own ſake, whether the woman who loves, loves not alſo the man chiefly for hers? Yes, ſays your Ladyſhip, methinks; and ſo the obligation is equal: ſo be it.

"Want of perſpicuity is not by any means the fault of your Ladyſhip's writing: yet I really did not take your meaning in the paſſage relating to the power that women might have if they ſought it. I meant not in that place to provoke you, dearly as I ſometimes love to try to make you angry with me, which yet I never could do, though I have very, very often, deſerved your anger. Thus you explain yourſelf:

"You ſaid, we were dear lovers of power. I did not deny it; and I thought it our own fault that we had not enough of it.' And have not your ſex here in England enough of it? That fault is letting you ſee we are fond of it. Bleſs me, Madam, ſhould we not feel it, if we did not ſee it? 'For which reaſon, ſuch is your pride, you will not allow us any, if you can help it,' adds your Ladyſhip. If we can help it! that is power with a vengeance, which a wife exerts, and a huſband cannot help himſelf.

"'Again unintelligible, ſays your Ladyſhip! Fie upon you. Why we have faults, I made no queſtion of it. How ſhould we be faultleſs, conſidering our original? Was not woman made of man? From whence, then, our faults?' But, Madam, be ſo good as to conſider, that man, at the time woman was formed out of his rib, was in a ſtate of innocence. He had not fallen. The devil had need of a helper: he ſoon found one in Eve. But, if I may be forgiven for a kind of pun, you ſeem to think, Madam, that the faults of men lie in the fleſh; the faults of women are deeper—they lie in the bone. I believe you have hit upon it. I love to provoke you, it is true; but I alſo love to agree with your Ladyſhip, in material articles. The difference between us, in this point, is, that I confirm by experience what you advance only from conjecture; for, unleſs you look out of yourſelf, how ſhould you know that women's faults lie ſo deep that they muſt be unformed, and new made up again, to amend them?

"The fault of the great author, whoſe letters to his friend you have been reading, is, that Tully is wholly concerned for the fame of Cicero; and that for fame and for ſelf-exaltation ſake. In ſome of his orations, what is called vehemence, (but really is too often inſult and ill-manners,) ſo tranſports him, that a modern pleader, and yet theſe are often intolerably abuſive; would not be heard, if he were to take the like freedoms. This difference, however, ought to be mentioned, to the honour of the antient; he generally, I believe, being governed by the juſtice of his cauſe. The moderns too ſeldom regard that at all; and care for nothing but their fees. But, after all, Cicero's conſtitutional faults ſeem to be vanity and cowardice. Great geniuſes ſeldom have *ſmall* faults.

"You have ſeen, I preſume, Dr.

Middleton's Life of Cicero. It is a fine piece; but the Doctor, I humbly think, has played the panegyriſt, in ſome places in it, rather than the hiſtorian. The preſent laureat's performance on the ſame ſubject, of which Dr. Middleton's is the foundation, is a ſpirited and pretty piece. He makes his obſervations on the character of Cicero, not by controverting any point with the Doctor; but, taking for granted, as if he had no other lights, every thing that the Doctor advances in his favour.

"You greatly oblige me, Madam, whenever you give me your obſervations upon what you read. Cicero was a prodigy. His works, his genius, will be admired to the end of time. But he was the greateſt, the groſſeſt lover, courter of adulation, and one of the greateſt daſtards, that ever lived. Yet, in the former quality, he only ſpoke out what many others mean. He was fond of glory: he could not but be conſcious of his very great talents. I have often quarrels, ariſing in my mind, againſt the affection of ſome ingenious moderns, who are always ſeeking to diſclaim merits which, were they in earneſt, their modeſty would not permit them to publiſh to the world as they do in the treatiſes which they give the public. There may be a manly ſenſibility, ſurely, expreſſed, which yet may ſhew, that though the author of a work, or the performer of a good action, is tolerably ſkilled in his ſubject, or can take delight in his beneficence; yet that he is not proud of underſtanding or doing what he ought to underſtand or do, if he pretends to write or to act. I am not a little embarraſſed in my new piece, (ſo I was in my two former,) with the affectation that cuſtom almoſt compels one to be guilty of;—to make my characters diſclaim the merits of the good they do, or the knowledge they pretend to; and to be afraid of reporting the praiſes due, and given to them by others, who are benefited either by the act or the example, although the praiſes given are as much to the honour of the giver's ſenſibility, as of the receiver's. Does any body believe theſe diſclaimers?—Does not every body think them affected, and often phariſaical? and even, their pretences to modeſty, are what Lovelace calls, traps laid for praiſe? yet cuſtom exacts them; and who is great enough to be above cuſtom? I think I would wiſh that my good man, and even my good girl, ſhould be thought to be above regarding this cuſtom. To receive praiſe with a grace, is a grace. But it muſt be ſo received, as that it ſhould not be thought to puff up or exalt the perſon in his own opinion. The perſon praiſed muſt ſhew, that he is ſenſible he has done no more than his duty; that he gave not himſelf either his talents, or his ability to do good; and ſhould be the more humble, the more thankful, for thoſe talents, and for that ability. Arrogance, ſelf-conceit, muſt be baniſhed from his heart. Even Lovelace can ſay, 'if I have any thing valuable as to intellectuals, thoſe are not my own; and to be proud of what a man is anſwerable for the abuſe of, and has no merit in the right uſe of, is to ſtrut, like the jay, in a borrowed plumage.'

"I really think my Lord Orrery, in his Life of Swift, has intended to be laudably impartial. I have no notion of that friendſhip which makes a man think himſelf obliged to gloſs over the faults of a man whom he wiſhes not to have great ones. Is it not a ſtrong proof of the ſacred authority of the Scriptures, that the hiſtories of David, Solomon, and its other heroes, are handed down to us with their mixture of vices and virtues? Lord Orrery ſays very high and very great things of Swift. The bad ones we knew, in part, before. Had he attempted to whiten them over, would it not have weakened the credibility of what he ſays in his favour? I am told, that my Lord is miſtaken in ſome of his facts: for inſtance, in that, wherein he aſſerts that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the ſon of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was for three years what is called his *chum*, in the following account of that fact: Dr. Swift made as great a progreſs in his learning, at the Univerſity of Dublin, in his youth, as any of his contemporaries; but

was ſo very ill-natured and troubleſome, that he was made *Terræ-filius*, (Sir Roger will explain what that means, if your Ladyſhip is unacquainted with the Univerſity term) on purpoſe to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the ſcandal againſt the heads of that univerſity that a ſevere inquirer, and a ſtill ſeverer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in conſequence of his abuſe, and, having his *deceſſit*, afterwards got admitted, at Oxford, to his degrees.

"I cannot find that my Lord was very intimate with him. As from a man of quality, and the ſon of a nobleman who had been obnoxious to miniſters, no doubt but the Dean might countenance thoſe profeſſions of friendſhip which the young Lord might be forward to make to a man who was looked upon as the genius of Ireland and the faſhion. But he could be only acquainted with him in the decline of the Dean's genius.

"My Lord, I think, has partly drawn cenſure upon himſelf, by a little piece of affectation. *My friends* will, he ſays, by way of preface to ſome of the things that the friends of Swift think the ſevereſt. I was a little diſguſted, as I read it, at theſe ill-placed aſſumptions of friendſhip in words. I thought theſe affectations below Lord Orrery, as it ſeemed, by them, as if he was proud of being thought of, as a friend, by the man, who, whatever his head was, had not, I am afraid, near ſo good a heart as his own.

"Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, and brother to Lord Palmerſtone, who lately died at Bath, declared, to a friend of mine, that Sir William hired Swift, at his firſt entrance into the world, to read to him, and ſometimes to be his amanuenſis, at the rate of 20l. a year and his board, which was then high preferment to him; but that Sir William never favoured him with his converſation, becauſe of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to ſit down at table with him. Swift, your Ladyſhip will eaſily ſee by his writings, had bitterneſs, ſatire, moroſeneſs, that muſt make him inſufferable both to equals and inferiors, and unfit for his ſuperiors to countenance. Sir William Temple was a wiſe and diſcerning man. He could eaſily ſee through a young fellow taken into a low office, and inclined to forget himſelf. Probably, too, the Dean was always unpolite, and never could be a man of breeding. Sir William Temple was one of the politeſt men of his time.

"Whoever the lady be, who is ſo ſevere upon Lord Orrery, I cannot but think that ſhe is too ſevere. The ſtory of Swift's marriage, and behaviour to a worthy, very worthy wife, I have been told long before Lord Orrery's hiſtory of him came out. It was not, as the angry lady charges, a chimera, but a certain truth. And this I was informed of by a lady of goodneſs, and no enemy, but to what was bad in Swift. Surely this lady, who calls my Lord to account for his unchriſtian-like uſage of a dead friend, ſhould have ſhewn a little more of the Chriſtian invectives. Near twenty years ago I heard from a gentleman now living, with whom Vaneſſa lived, or lodged, in England, an account of the Dean's behaviour to the unhappy woman, much leſs to his reputation than the account my Lord gives of that affair. According to this gentleman's account, ſhe was not the creature that ſhe became when ſhe was in Ireland, whither ſhe followed him, and, in hopes to make herſelf an intereſt with his vanity, threw herſelf into glare and expence; and, at laſt, by diſappointment, into a habit of drinking, till grief and the effects of that vice deſtroyed her. You may gather from that really pretty piece of his, Cadenus and Vaneſſa, how much he flattered her, and that he took great pains to gloſs over that affair. I remember once to have ſeen a little collection of letters and poetical ſcraps of Swift's, which paſſed between him and Mrs. Van Homrigh, this ſame Vaneſſa, which the bookſeller then told me were ſent him to be publiſhed, from the originals, by this lady, in reſentment of his perfidy.

"I have not had an opportunity to know what the two Doctors you mention ſay of Lord Orrery's Life of Swift.

"Adieu, dear Madam, your's, &c.

"S. RICHARDSON.

"To Mr. RICHARDSON.

"May 19, 1752.

"Tenacious my good correſpondent early pronounced me, and I am ſo; I find it every day more.—A freſh inſtance I ſhall give you, when I ſay, I am not yet convinced that fear is a neceſſary ingredient to love. You terrify me by inſiſting upon it; though, why ſhould I be terrified? for ſure I am that I love, and as ſure that I do not fear.

"How is it that I cannot draw a parallel between the fear of a child, and that of a wife? But it will not enter into my head that a good, a tender wife, will ever deſignedly offend a good, a tender huſband. She will reſolve not to offend; how can ſhe want correction, then, equally or in compariſon with a child, a thoughtleſs, irreſolute child, as all children are? and, as they grow up, the very remembrance of their offences and corrections ſettles in them a kind of awful fear, that the wife I ſpeak of has nothing to do with. Stripes, dear Sir, ſtripes never reached my fartheſt thought. But I will not give you the trouble of anſwering me again on this ſubject; I will turn you over to one more worthy of ſuch a diſputant, St. John, who, in his firſt epiſtle, ſays,

"'There is no fear in love; but perfect love caſteth out fear, becauſe fear hath torment: he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.'

"What will you ſay to this, now, I wonder? Not that your argument is ſtrengthened, I hope, for I am as ſure it is unanſwerable, as that it is written. How glad was I to find it! down it went inſtantly into my memorandum book, with a broad inſulting ſmile. No, not inſulting, but with a ſmile of triumph; that it was, at leaſt. 'Conqueſt is the joy of woman,' as ſaith the old ſong; all ſorts of conqueſts.

"No, Sir! never, never will I allow that a woman is under obligations to her huſband for returning her love. No, not for his entire love.

"'You will not make diſtinctions,' you ſay. What diſtinctions can you make? Well, but I may aſk you, if you always take it for granted, that what is not expreſsly forbid, is allowable? I verily think, you would have affirmed what you only inſinuate, had not the laws of our country came acroſs you. The makers of thoſe laws, however, were of a different opinion, for wiſe and natural reaſons, we may ſuppoſe.

"Do you think that God Almighty did not know what the nature of man would require, when he formed him. And do you think that Adam would not have loſt another rib, had polygamy been thought more eligible to the nature of man? And what can fallen, degenerate, corruptible man require, that might not be required by man in his pure, native, and more perfect ſtate?

"In this firſt inſtance, I think polygamy is forbidden by the action of God, which appears ſo plain and ſtrong, that words were needleſs to confirm it.

"The power you call 'power with a vengeance,' is not always ſo, and as you repreſent it. A good wife may ſometimes ſteal into more than a huſband deſigned to allow, by an endearing, (not wheedling) behaviour, which will oblige a generous mind to a ſort of involuntary acquieſcence, and to comply, as it were, as if he could not help it.

"Whether woman's faults lie in the fleſh, or in the bone, it ſignifies not a farthing; we are bone of your bone, as well as fleſh of your fleſh, and our faults are your faults; that is, we had them in ſmall detachments from you, conſequently they cannot be ſo ſtrong, but proportionable to the veſſel.

"To receive praiſe with a grace, is a grace, as you obſerve; but it is a difficulty to be attained but by a very few; and, leaſt of all by thoſe who are really modeſt and diffident of their abilities; there is a great deal required to receive praiſe properly. If I miſtake not, there ought to be a juſt proportion of dignity and humility, good ſenſe, good breeding, a knowledge of the world and of themſelves, and even an outward perſonal appearance and addreſs is neceſſary. Do not you think ſo, Sir? But, after all, I am fond of Cicero. If he was vain, he had greater reaſon for being ſo than moſt men, though no reaſon can be ſufficient, and I make great allowance for his deſpondencies. Though we muſt own 'adverſity was

not his shining time,' his faults would not have appeared so plain in another man—the bright side of his character is so glaring, it shews the contrast stronger.

"I am glad, Sir, you judge so favourably of my Lord Orrery; and, indeed, I am now more inclined to acquit him than I was before. The only question is, whether he ought to have entered upon the task, if he thought himself obliged to expose faults. His adversaries say not. But how, then, should we ever come at the true characters of great men, if we must not receive them from those who know them best? And is not an impartial friend the properest to give such characters? And such characters surely should be given, by way of warning as well as example. It is an act of public friendship, to which a private one ought to give place. In short, the Dean established his own character; and he was a man that might be admired, but, in my opinion, could not be esteemed.

"I have heard Swift used Lord Orrery in a very unfriendly manner, at a time when his Lordship least expected it, and when he most wanted his friendship. His prefacing some of the severest things with, *my friend Swift*, is more a common (though idle) expression than a serious one, though it did hurt me a little.

"I believe he was very intimate with the Dean above twenty years ago. My Lord was then a very young man, and might be fond of his notice, and of professing a friendship for so eminent a man. I believe he was one who very early thirsted after wisdom.

"Is there, on earth, man or woman, who has not some secret pride in being the favourite of a man of sense? I think it is a laudable pride, and springs from a consciousness of having thought and acted right. I will not say there is not a selfishness in this justification, for I will flatter myself that I am a favourite, and I will be proud of it.

"The poor boy, in whose concerns you so generously interested yourself, has a prospect of employment. I have heard lately from his mother, and she is in a little better spirits about him. I have, with great difficulty, obtained an additional mite for her, from one of the wealthiest commoners in England. I believe she is as near, if not the nearest, relation he has in the world, on the mother's side; on the father's, I do not believe he has any. Would you believe it, Sir, that a man, childless, who is raking the kingdom through for an heir-at-law, and bears a general good character, can suffer this poor relation often to repeat her supplication for a subsistence; and even to lie in a sick and despairing condition, and want her daily bread? Can this man deserve the character he bears? Can he have bowels, and be deaf to the miseries of the honest indigent? setting the relationship aside. Let him read the sentiments of his noble and benevolent ancestor in the law.

"But, after all, I must say for the gentleman, that I believe his servant neglected applying to him, and so he might be a greater stranger to the poor woman's distress than she thought him; for, when he was properly applied to, he did not refuse joining in a small contribution with others of her relations: and, it being annual, I hope it will enable her to subsist, and provide for her son,

"Your's, &c.

"D. BRADSHAIGH."

This last volume has a Portrait of Lady Bradshaigh, and fac-similies of the hand writing of *Richardson, Harvey, Cibber, Garrick, Harris, Warburton, and Young*.

XCIII. THE LIFE OF CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR; *drawn from the most Authentic Sources of Information.* By CHARLES COOTE, LL. D. *Longman and Rees.* 278 *pages*, 4s.

THIS sketch of an illustrious character of antiquity, is entitled to particular attention—being drawn from authentic sources, and delineated with uncommon accuracy. We give the Preface by way of explanation.

"PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS.

"Not having seen any separate publication of the life of Cæsar in the English language, the author who now makes his appearance was induced to suppose, that such a work would meet with acceptance and attention. If the life of any individual merits a distinct and comprehensive detail, that of the renowned Julius

may certainly claim it. The greatneſs of his character, the ſplendor of his exploits, the multifarious incidents of his active life, and the extraordinary extent of power which he acquired, are calculated to furniſh an ample maſs of intereſting intelligence. The ſcenes of war will be diverſified with the diſplay of politics; and the mazes of intrigue will be ſucceeded by the ſtratagems of the field.

"The author has availed himſelf of all the lights afforded by the Greek and Roman hiſtorians and biographers, with regard to the hero of his narrative. He has ſtudiouſly examined the information of Cæſar himſelf, and of his hiſtorical continuator: he has conſulted Plutarch, Appian, and Dio, in aid of Suetonius: he has profited by the occaſional communications of Cicero and Salluſt; nor has he wholly diſregarded the hints of Paterculus and Florus. As care and attention, though too much neglected, are obligatory rather than meritorious, he may affirm, without the imputation of vanity, that he has made an accurate uſe of his materials; and, though the remarks which he has interſperſed may not deſerve to be conſidered as ſagacious or profound, he truſts that they will not be deemed abſurd or impertinent. In the character with which he has concluded the work, he has aimed at ſtrict impartiality. He has not been ſo dazzled with the luſtre of the warrior, as to overlook the failings of the man; nor has he been ſeduced, by the fame of the ſtateſman, into a palliation of the delinquency of the citizen."

We add *the character of Cæſar*, with which the work concludes.

"CHARACTER OF CÆSAR.

"The extraordinary man whoſe life we have detailed, was, in his perſon, dignified and agreeable. He was tall of ſtature, and well proportioned; his complexion was fair, his eyes were black and lively, and his features ſtrong and expreſſive. His viſage, though full in his youth, became extremely thin in his progreſſive years, ſo as to give him the appearance of premature old age. A ſeries of exertions, both of body and mind, added to occaſional fits of the epilepſy, may be ſuppoſed to have produced this effect.

"He paid particular attention to the neatneſs of his exterior, both with regard to his perſon and his dreſs. He even deſcended to foppery and effeminacy in theſe reſpects. Thus aiming at attractive elegance, he was mortified even at his partial baldneſs, which, being conſidered as a blemiſh, expoſed him to ridicule; and it gave him no ſmall pleaſure to enjoy the privilege of concealing it by a wreath of laurel; one of the numerous honours granted him in conſequence of his victories.

"He alſo cultivated elegance and ſplendour in his mode of living. He frequently gave ſumptuous entertainments; and a multitude of attendants waited his commands. His habitations were replete with rich furniture: ſtatues and paintings adorned his apartments; and his cabinets contained a variety of valuable curioſities. Amidſt this profuſion of expenditure, he was, for the moſt part, temperate and abſtemious; but ſeems to have been leſs obſervant of the virtue of forbearance in the article of liquor, than he was in the uſe of more ſubſtantial nutriment.

"In his intercourſe with the world, he was diſtinguiſhed by his affable, friendly, and polite demeanor. In his way to power, he found the ſignal benefit of this behaviour; nor, when he had eſtabliſhed his authority, did he neglect the general practice of the ſame habits. He was graceful in his addreſs; and had the art of pleaſing in converſation. He was cheerful in his deportment; and, apparently, frank and open. His talents of inſinuation were eminently great; and qualified him to make a ſtrong impreſſion not only on perſons of ordinary intellects, but on thoſe who were poſſeſſed of ſuperior ſagacity and judgment.

"His politeneſs to the fair was accompanied with laſcivious exceſſes. Not content with the ſeduction of unmarried females, he debauched, without ſcruple, the wives of Romans and provincials, of patricians and plebeians. Pompey and Craſſus were among thoſe who ſuſtained a diminution of domeſtic honour by his adulterous practices. The beauties of Europe could not ſatisfy his thirſt

of variety. He was allured by the African charms of Cleopatra, and by the ſwarthy attractions of Eunoë, the wife of his Mauritanian ally. When his amours were conducted with ſecrecy, he rendered them ſubſervient to his ambition; gaining, by the medium of the wanton wife, the intereſt of the unſuſpicious huſband. To his infamous and unnatural propenſities, we forbear to advert.

"The paſſion which chiefly influenced him was the luſt of power. It is uncertain whether he had conceived, in his early youth, the idea of making his way to abſolute ſovereignty, or was gradually led by favourable incidents to a height to which he did not at firſt aſpire *. Perhaps, of the two opinions, the latter may be the more juſt; for the obſtacles and difficulties which he muſt have expected to meet, in an attempt to ſubvert the conſtitution of his country, might have induced him to content himſelf with the proſpect of the ſucceſſive dignities which the laws of the republic afforded; but, when he found, in the courſe of his gradual elevation, that his popularity had become ſo great as to authoriſe him to form the moſt favorable preſages of the acquiſition of tranſcendant power, and that new occaſions of fame and advancement aroſe, his ideas expanded themſelves in an extraordinary degree; and he reſolved not to reſt ſatisfied till he had attained the ſole ſupremacy over the Roman world. On the other hand, it may be ſaid, that the example of Marius, and the ſucceſs of Sylla, which he witneſſed in his juvenile years, might have inſpired him with an early thirſt of deſpotic ſway; that the degeneracy of his countrymen encouraged him in his views of obtaining, by artifice, inſinuation, and perſeverance, an exorbitant authority over them; and that, entering into public life with theſe ſentiments, he adapted his whole conduct to this deliberate aim.

"His genius, abilities, and addreſs, diſplayed themſelves in numerous inſtances, from his adventure with the pirates to his ſeiſure of the ſupreme dominion. His ſagacity diſcerned the true nature, and the probable reſult, of the meaſures that were purſued, and the circumſtances which aroſe in his time: his judgment combined, or diſcriminated, with accuracy and preciſion; and the vigour of his mind was adequate to the moſt critical occaſions. In his progreſs to the offices of the ſtate, he aſſiduouſly cultivated the good graces of the people; and ſuch was his ſucceſs, that he ſoon became one of their principal favourites, and at length obtained, in their affections, an indiſputable preference over all his countrymen. He ſecured this advantage by his commanding eloquence, his attractive complacency, and his profuſe munificence. By art and intrigue, he counteracted the oppoſition which he ſuſtained from the leaders of the ſenate; and, by democratic aid, he greatly weakened the influence of the ariſtocracy. Stimulated by popular favour, his ambition was ultimately inflamed to the moſt elevated purſuits; and, the legal power of a conſul not being ſo ample as his aſpiring temper wiſhed, he threw off all ſcruples, and formed the arbitrary ſcheme of triumviral uſurpation. When this union was diſſolved by the death of one of his aſſociates, and by the thirſt of undivided ſway, which his ſurviving friend (now his rival) cheriſhed, he was not diſpleaſed at the pretence which Pompey, by his cabals againſt him, afforded for the commencement of actual hoſtilities. He affected, on this occaſion, the greateſt moderation; declared himſelf an enemy to all injuſtice and violence; and affirmed, that he had no other aims than to maintain his lawful rights, and ſecure the republic from Pompeian uſurpation. His plauſibility did not impoſe on his adverſaries; nor did they give any credit to that deſire of peace, which, during the prevalence of the civil war, he ſo frequently pretended to feel. They well knew, that, if he had been inſpired with true patriotiſm, he might

* In the character of Julius, delineated by the philoſophic Bacon, the opinion of his *early* ambition is maintained. 'This is true (ſays that celebrated writer), that he harboured the thoughts of a kingdom from his very youth; and hereunto the example of Sylla, and the kindred of Marius, and his emulation of Pompey, and the corruption and ambition of the times, did prick him forward.' Eſſays of Sir Francis Bacon.

eaſily have given indubitable demonſtration of it. Indeed, neither of theſe intriguing rivals poſſeſſed any portion of diſintereſted public virtue

"His military accompliſhments aided the effect of his political talents. In the field of war, he emulated the glory of Alexander. In his childhood, he was fond of manly exerciſes; in his youth, he applied to martial purſuits; and, though a long interval of political occupation followed his early campaigns, he did not relinquiſh his paſſion for the fame of a warrior. That brilliant character he amply ſecured by his exploits in Gaul; and, in his ſubſequent wars, he eſtabliſhed his reputation on the baſis of immortality. To the undaunted courage and laborious patience of the ſoldier, he added the enterpriſing ſpirit of an adventurer, and the diſcernment, the ſkill, the prudence, the comprehenſive ability, of a conſummate general. He treated his men with a mixture of rigor and indulgence; and, by his dexterous management, acquired an uncommon degree of authority over their minds; an influence which, even when it ſeemed moſt in danger of ſubverſion, was found to be at it's greateſt height.

"His clemency has been the ſubject of extravagant encomium, both among ancient and modern writers. But ſome diminution of his imputed merit may juſtly be admitted. Though his enemies were brought under his power by his triumphant ſucceſs, he had no right, either in point of equity or of juſtice, to wreak his furious vengeance on them. Their grounds of hoſtility were as juſtifiable as thoſe by which he was influenced; and many of them ſupported the Pompeian cauſe from a conſcientious regard for the public intereſt. By treating them as heinous delinquents, he would have acted iniquitouſly; and, therefore, his forbearance of extreme rigour is only entitled to the praiſe of negative humanity, not of poſitive and indiſputable benevolence. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that, if we judge of his moderation by the practice of the generality of uſurpers, his memory is not unworthy of a high degree of applauſe.

"His liberality was cheriſhed by an exorbitant rapacity. In the provinces which he ruled, he plundered the temples and buildings, and exacted frequent contributions from communities as well as from individuals. Theſe treaſures he did not avariciouſly hoard, but employed them for the increaſe and confirmation of his influence. Two things, he remarked, principally tended to the acquiſition, the maintenance, and the augmentation, of power. Theſe were, troops and money; which, he ſaid, were connected by mutual dependence; for the latter was requiſite both to procure and ſupport a military force, and the terror of arms enabled a commander to obtain pecuniary ſupplies.

"An Engliſh philoſopher has accuſed Julius of being ſo wholly abſorbed in the conſideration of his ſole and immediate intereſt, that 'he eſtabliſhed nothing for the future; he founded no ſumptuous buildings; he procured the enactment of no wholeſome laws.' But theſe aſſertions are not ſtrictly true; for it appears that he erected many ſplendid ſtructures, that he promulgated judicious laws, and eſtabliſhed various regulations, calculated for permanent utility. It may be allowed, however, that his love of fame, and his attention to public benefit, were ſubordinate to his thirſt of power and dominion.

"As oratory, which is ſo efficacious in a republic, was eagerly cultivated by the Romans, Cæſar did not neglect the ſtudy of it; and he ſoon acquired a high rank among the luminaries of the *forum*. He ſpoke with eaſe and fluency, with ſpirit and dignity, with elegance and accuracy. In general literature, he alſo excelled. As an author, he was greatly applauded by his countrymen; and modern critics have done equal juſtice to his merit. A treatiſe on the ſubject of analogy, two ſatires upon Cato, a poem deſcriptive of a journey, and other ſmall pieces which he wrote, have not reached our times. But his military narratives are ſtill extant. They exhibit an air of modeſt veracity, a ſtrain of graceful and nervous ſimplicity, and great propriety of remark.

"A modern Frenchman (Ophellot), who ſtyles himſelf a philoſopher, ſpeaks with contempt of thoſe writers who conſider Cæſar as a great man. But unmerited contempt recoils on

the aſſailant, and falls harmleſs on the object of it, like the feeble javelin of Priam, tinkling on the ſhield of Pyrrhus. If extent of genius, invincible fortitude and vigour of mind, heroic courage, unuſual moderation and clemency, a capacity for the greateſt enterpriſes, and a happy union of the talents of the ſtateſman, the orator, and the warrior, entitle the poſſeſſor to the appellation of a great man, it may juſtly be attached to the name of Julius. That he added the purity of virtue to the brilliancy of greatneſs, cannot be affirmed with truth."

This publication ought to be put into the hands of pupils in every ſeminary, who are in a courſe of claſſical education.

XCIV. ELEGANTIÆ LATINÆ; OR RULES AND EXERCISES, *illuſtrative of elegant Latin Style; intended for the Uſe of the higher Claſſes of Grammar Schools. The ſecond Edition, conſiderably improved. Pridden.* 228 *pages*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

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"Some of the longer examples, which appeared to be of a difficult and intricate texture, have been ſo ſimplified as to be rendered ſuſceptible of being more eaſily converted into Latin. But it muſt be conſidered that being tranſlations of Latin ſentences into pure and elegant Engliſh, they naturally aſſume the peculiar idiom of that language, which conſtitutes their whole difficulty; and theſe exerciſes being intended for the firſt claſſes, theſe difficulties muſt be eaſily overcome by boys of that ſtandard, aided as they are by the direction of the rules, and the rules themſelves being illuſtrated by one Latin example to each, to render their meaning more plain and intelligible. Theſe difficulties muſt appear trifling to thoſe, who have been in the habit of requiring tranſlations from the Spectator, the moſt idiomatic, therefore the moſt difficult Engliſh that can be rendered into Latin. It is preſumed that this edition embraces every thing within the ſcope of reſearch, which was likely to contribute to the elegant formation of ſtyle, every thing by which a ſentence *ſpargatur, irrigetur, perfundatur.* As the rules for the ſtructure of a regular Period, which is ſo eſſential to good Latinity, could not be ſo eaſily reduced to practical illuſtration, an acquaintance with them will chiefly reſt upon the ſcholar's own ſtudy and obſervation, aided by the maſter's direction and ſuperintendence; but a cloſe examination of the rules and the few examples which accompany them, will be ſufficient to imprint them on his mind.

"E. V.

"Reading, 6th, June 1804."

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"ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

"That the preſent work may not be conſidered merely as an addition to the numberleſs ſelections which have been publiſhed, under the title of "Beauties," the Editor thinks it proper briefly to ſtate the nature of the plan, on which it has been executed. In making ſelections it has been uſual to conſider the amuſement of the reader as the chief, if not the ſole, object; and, to accompliſh this end, the moſt eloquent and ſplendid paſſages, of the author ſelected from, have been brought together. Mere amuſement, however, is not the deſign of theſe volumes. They aſpire to the ſuperior praiſe of being uſeful. The writings of the good and great Mr. Burke are fraught, in every page, with leſſons of the ſoundeſt practical wiſdom. Theſe, ſcattered as they are through eight volumes, it has been the aim of the Editor to collect, and arrange under various heads. By this means the ſentiments of Mr. Burke, on any ſubject, may be ſeen at one glance. The taſk has not been without labour; with what ſucceſs it may have been executed, the Public will decide.

"That any paſſage, quoted in theſe volumes, may be readily found in Mr. Burke's works, the Editor has added an Index of Reference. The edition referred to, is that of 1803, in eight 8vo. volumes."

Take the following ſpecimens.

"ABJECTNESS.

"If we have deſerved this kind of evil fame from any thing we have done in a ſtate of proſperity, I am ſure, that it is not an abject conduct in adverſity that can clear our reputation. Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as ſoar. The pride of no perſon in a flouriſhing condition is more juſtly to be dreaded, than that of him who is mean and cringing under a doubtful and unproſperous fortune.

* * *

"We know that over-labouring a point of this kind, has the direct contrary effect from what we wiſh. We know that there is a legal preſumption againſt men *quando ſe nimis purgitant*; and if a charge of ambition is not refuted by an affected humility, certainly the character of fraud and perfidy is ſtill leſs to be waſhed away by indications of meanneſs. Fraud and prevarication are ſervile vices. They ſometimes grow out of the neceſſities, always out of the habits, of ſlaviſh and degenerate ſpirits: and on the theatre of the world, it is not by aſſuming the maſk of a Davus or a Geta that an actor will obtain credit for manly ſimplicity and a liberal openneſs of proceeding. It is an erect countenance; it is a firm adherence to principle; it is a power of reſiſting falſe ſhame and frivolous fear, that aſſert our good faith and honour, and aſſure to us the confidence of mankind.

"ABUSE OF POWER IN REMOTE COLONIES.

"It is difficult for the moſt wiſe and upright government to correct the abuſes of remote delegated power, productive of unmeaſured wealth, and protected by the boldneſs and ſtrength of the ſame ill-got riches. Theſe abuſes, full of their own wild native vigour, will grow and flouriſh under mere neglect. But where the ſupreme authority, not content with winking at the rapacity of its inferior inſtruments, is ſo ſhameleſs and corrupt as openly to give bounties and premiums for diſobedience to its laws; when it

will not truſt to the activity of avarice in the purſuit of its own gains; when it ſecures public robbery by all the careful jealouſy and attention with which it ought to protect property from ſuch violence; the commonwealth then is become totally perverted from its purpoſes; neither God nor man will long endure it; nor will it long endure itſelf. In that caſe, there is an unnatural infection, a peſtilential taint fermenting in the conſtitution of ſociety, which fever and convulſions of ſome kind or other muſt throw off; or in which the vital powers, worſted in an unequal ſtruggle, are puſhed back upon themſelves, and by a reverſal of their whole functions, feſter to gangrene, to death; and inſtead of what was but juſt now the delight and boaſt of the creation, there will be caſt out in the face of the ſun, a bloated, putrid, noiſome carcaſs, full of ſtench and poiſon, an offence, a horror, a leſſon to the world.

"ACCURACY OF JUDGMENT.

"Nothing is ſuch an enemy to accuracy of judgment as a coarſe diſcrimination; a want of ſuch claſſification and diſtribution as the ſubject admits of.

"ACTS OF GRACE, OR INSOLVENT ACTS.

"I never reliſhed acts of grace; nor ever ſubmitted to them but from deſpair of better. They are a diſhonourable invention, by which, not from humanity, not from policy; but merely becauſe we have not room enough to hold theſe victims of the abſurdity of our laws, we turn looſe upon the public three or four thouſand naked wretches, corrupted by the habits, debaſed by the ignominy, of a priſon. If the creditor had a right to thoſe carcaſſes as a natural ſecurity for his property, I am ſure we have no right to deprive him of that ſecurity. But if the few pounds of fleſh were not neceſſary to his ſecurity, we had not a right to detain the unfortunate debtor, without any benefit at all to the perſon who confined him. Take it as you will, we commit injuſtice.

"ADVICE.

"If I were to venture any advice, in any caſe, it would be my beſt. The ſacred duty of an adviſer (one of the moſt inviolable that exiſts) would lead me, towards a real enemy, to act as if my beſt friend were the party concerned.

"AFFECTION.

"There is nothing intereſting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention. "Love," ſays one of our old poets, "eſteems no office mean;" and with ſtill more ſpirit, "entire affection ſcorneth nicer hands."

"AMBITION.

"The ſame ſun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not ſhine upon diſappointed ambition. It is ſomething that rays out of darkneſs, and inſpires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable ſtate of mind, find a comfort in ſpreading the contagion of their ſpleen. They find an advantage too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudeſt complainers for the public to be the moſt anxious for its welfare. If ſuch perſons can anſwer the ends of relief and profit to themſelves, they are apt to be careleſs enough about either the means or the conſequences.

"AMERICA.

"As long as Europe ſhall have any poſſeſſions either in the ſouthern or the northern parts of that America, even ſeparated as it is by the ocean, it muſt be conſidered as a part of the European ſyſtem.

"ANALOGIES.

"I am not of opinion that the race of men, and the commonwealths they create, like the bodies of individuals, grow effete and langnid and bloodleſs, and oſſify by the neceſſities of their own conformation, and the fatal operation of longevity and time. Theſe analogies between bodies natural and politic, though they may ſometimes illuſtrate arguments, furniſh no argument of themſelves. They are but too often uſed under the colour of a ſpecious philoſophy, to find apologies for the deſpair of lazineſs and puſillanimity, and excuſe the want of all manly efforts, when the exigencies of our country call for them the more loudly.

* * *

"In all ſpeculations upon men and human affairs, it is of no ſmall moment to diſtinguiſh things of accident from permanent cauſes, and from effects that cannot be altered. It is not every irregularity in our movement

that is a total deviation from our courſe. I am not quite of the mind of thoſe ſpeculators, who ſeem aſſured, that neceſſarily, and by the conſtitution of things, all ſtates have the ſame periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude, that are found in the individuals who compoſe them. Parallels of this ſort rather furniſh ſimilitudes to illuſtrate or to adorn, than ſupply analogies from whence to reaſon. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not found in the ſame claſſes of exiſtence. Individuals are phyſical beings, ſubject to laws univerſal and invariable. The immediate cauſe acting in theſe laws may be obſcure: the general reſults are ſubjects of certain calculation. But commonwealths are not phyſical but moral eſſences. They are artificial combinations; and in their proximate efficient cauſe, the arbitrary productions of the human mind. We are not yet acquainted with the laws which neceſſarily influence the ſtability of that kind of work made by that kind of agent. There is not in the phyſical order (with which they do not appear to hold any aſſignable connexion) a diſtinct cauſe by which any of thoſe fabrics muſt neceſſarily grow, flouriſh, or decay; nor, in my opinion, does the moral world produce any thing more determinate on that ſubject, than what may ſerve as an amuſement (liberal indeed, and ingenious, but ſtill only an amuſement) for ſpeculative men. I doubt whether the hiſtory of mankind is yet complete enough, if ever it can be ſo, to furniſh grounds for a ſure theory on the internal cauſes which neceſſarily affect the fortune of a ſtate. I am far from denying the operation of ſuch cauſes: but they are infinitely uncertain, and much more obſcure, and much more difficult to trace, than the foreign cauſes that tend to raiſe, to depreſs, and ſometimes to overwhelm a community.

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